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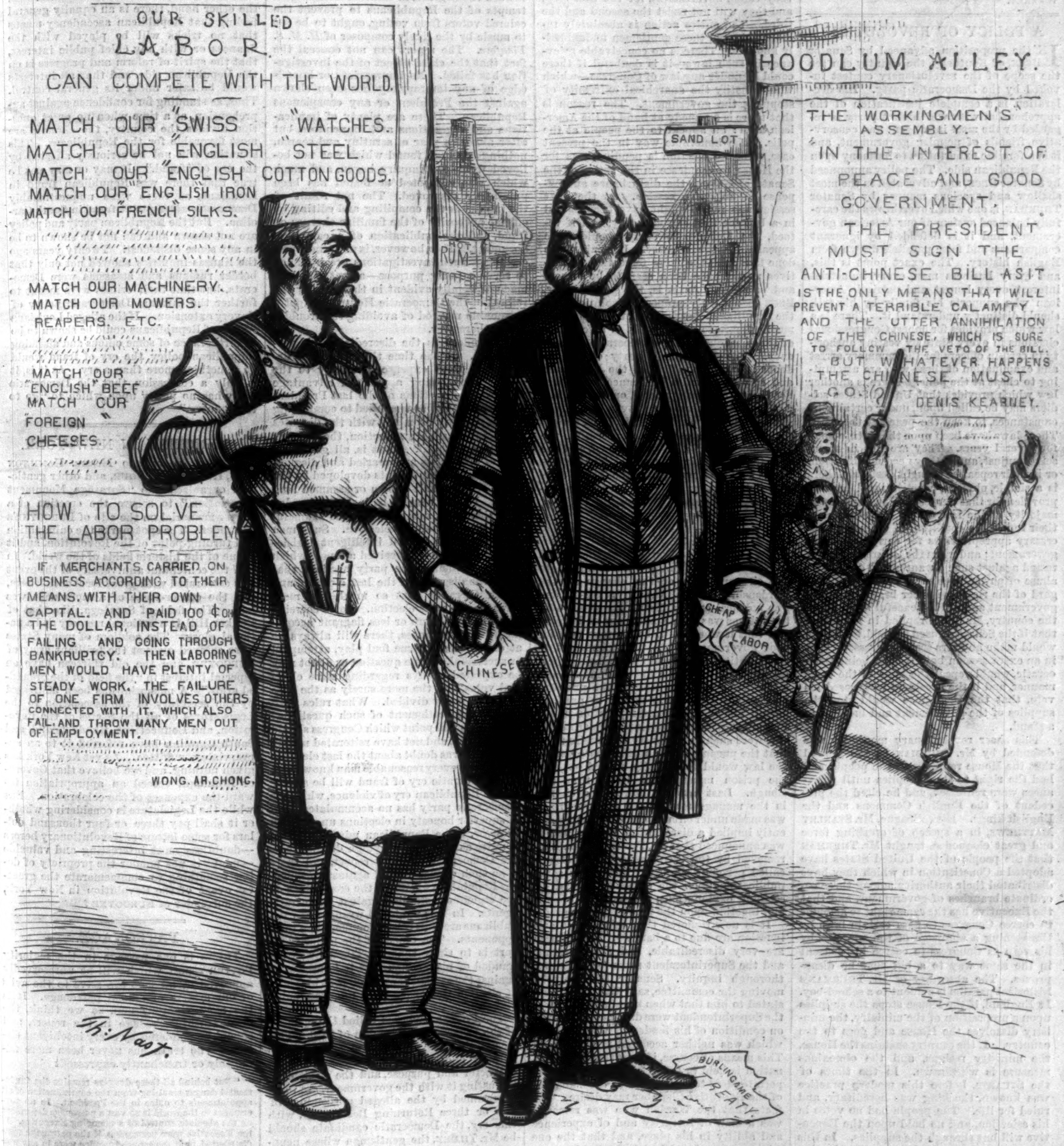
OUR SKILLED LABOR CAN COMPETE WITH THE WORLD.
MATCH OUR "SWISS" WATCHES.
MATCH OUR "ENGLISH" STEEL
MATCH OUR "ENGLISH" COTTON GOODS.
MATCH OUR "ENGLISH" IRON
MATCH OUR "FRENCH" SILKS.
MATCH OUR MACHINERY.
MATCH OUR MOWERS. REAPERS. ETC.
MATCH OUR "ENGLISH" BEEF
MATCH OUR "FOREIGN" CHEESES.
HOW TO SOLVE THE LABOR PROBLEM
IF MERCHANTS CARRIED ON BUSINESS ACCORDING TO THEIR MEANS. WITH THEIR OWN CAPITAL. AND PAID 100 ¢ ON THE DOLLAR, INSTEAD OF FAILING AND GOING THROUGH BANKRUPTCY. THEN LABORING MEN WOULD HAVE PLENTY OF STEADY WORK. THE FAILURE OF ONE FIRM INVOLVES OTHERS CONNECTED WITH IT. WHICH ALSO FAIL, AND THROW MANY MEN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.
WONG. AR. CHONG.
HOODLUM ALLEY.
SAND LOT
RUM
THE "WORKINGMEN'S" ASSEMBLY.
"IN THE INTEREST OF PEACE AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.
THE PRESIDENT MUST SIGN THE ANTI-CHINESE BILL AS IT IS THE ONLY MEANS THAT WILL PREVENT A TERRIBLE CALAMITY, AND THE UTTER ANNIHILATION OF THE CHINESE, WHICH IS SURE TO FOLLOW THE VETO OF THE BILL. BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS THE CHINESE MUST GO." (?)
DENIS KEARNEY.
CHINESE
CHEAP LABOR
BURLINGAME TREATY.
Th: Nast.

"PROTECTING WHITE LABOR."

Intelligent Workman. "You need not plead my cause and my children's. I am able, and always have been, to take care of myself and mine; and no large military force is necessary to keep the peace, for real working-men are not rioters, strikers, and blowers."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 22, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a spirited double-page engraving representing an encounter in the Kurum Valley, Afghanistan, and other features of interest.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A POLICY OF REVOLUTION.

In the proposition advanced by Senator Beck, of Kentucky, the country can see the scope of the revolutionary contest invoked by the Democratic party. His declaration is a complete justification of the apprehension with which that party is regarded by the most intelligent and conservative friends of popular government, and it is a forcible exhortation to harmony upon the Republican side. The policy announced by Senator Beck, and advocated in the most shallow and specious manner by Senator Thurman, is one which overthrows the carefully balanced system of our American government, and it is defended by ignorant comparisons and false parallels drawn from English history. The exact point is this, and every business man, every industrial interest, every honest and patriotic American who supports his family by his toil, should distinctly understand it. There is a law which provides for honest Congressional elections in every State by vesting authority in certain officers for the summary arrest and examination of those who are attempting to cheat at the polls. There is another law which provides that United States soldiers may be called upon, under certain circumstances, to keep the peace at the polls. These laws have been upon the statute-book for several years. They are not in themselves unjust, and if they need modification, or if their repeal be thought desirable, there is a simple, obvious, constitutional method provided for that purpose. The Democratic majority of the late House, however, made their repeal the condition of voting the necessary appropriations for carrying on the government; and when the Republicans protested against such a wanton and dangerous abuse of power, such a revolutionary disregard of the rights of other branches of the government and of the peaceful interests of the country, Mr. Beck replied in substance that if the Senate refused to yield, the House would make an extra session necessary, that in an extra session both Houses, being Democratic, would repeal the laws in the same manner, and if the President interposed his veto, that the Democrats would stop the supplies of the government and bring it to a stand.

This sheer revolutionary manifesto was defended by Mr. Thurman on the ground that the House represented the people, and had the right to stop supplies until grievances were redressed, and he cited the precedent of the English Commons and the English kings. His colleague, Mr. Stanley Matthews, in a speech of crushing force and great eloquence, taught Mr. Thurman that the people of the United States have adopted a Constitution in which they have distributed their authority among three coördinate branches of government, and that the Executive has the same right to attempt to coerce Congress to pass certain laws by threatening a stoppage of the supplies by his veto as Congress to coerce his consent in the same way to a bill that he disapproves. The absurdity of Mr. Thurman's historical parallel is evident to a school-boy. In England, if the House stops the supplies upon a proposition of the ministry, the ministry dissolves the House and goes to the country. If the country sustains the House, the ministry resigns, and the obnoxious measure is withdrawn. In the times of the Stuarts, before this modern practice was known, the king was hereditary, and ruled for life. The people had no voice in his selection, and no hold upon the Executive will but through the supplies. In this country the Executive is elected by the people every four years, and the Executive veto is as much the representative act of the people under the Constitution as the legislation of Congress. Our system of government necessarily falls the moment that the three branches cease to respect the rights of each other. The people elect the President as they elect Representatives in Congress, and for the Representatives to assume that the President is to be treated as a king is treated in monarchical countries, and reduced to submission to Congress, as if the exercise of the powers granted to him by the people for their defense were an outrage and menace to the rights of the people, is a folly so mad and an insult and wrong to the country so intolerable that the party attempting such a revolution will be forced to recede or to carry their revolution farther.

Mr. Conkling, Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Hoar all stated the simple American doctrine of popular representative government with dignity, force, and unanswerable logic. Indeed, no man who is not blinded by partisanship would deny it. Mr. Bayard, in the Democratic caucus in which the revolutionary scheme was adopted, deliberately described it as revolutionary. Mr. Hill agreed with him. There are other Democrats who are of the same opinion. But they voted, nevertheless, for the first step, and they will not resist the second and the third. The entire action is absolutely indefensible, and these gentlemen undoubtedly know it. There is no conceivable grievance in such laws—it is doubtful if there could be under any law of Congress—which would justify the anarchical extremity of stopping the government. The reason is that there is a remedy at hand of the American kind: an appeal to the people at the polls. The honorable way in the present case, when no election is pending, was for the House to acquiesce in the action of the Senate, and avoid the disturbance and expense of an extra session. At the next session the repeal might have been passed in a bill for that purpose only, and if vetoed, the Democratic party should have appealed to the country. It could have done that with the more force that its motives would have been seen to be sincere and patriotic. As it is, the party, if Mr. Beck speaks truly, proposes revolution, and the intelligent patriotism of the country must prepare to meet it. It is a foretaste of the consequences of Democratic ascendency. The Democratic party constantly drifts into the position of the Legitimist and Imperial parties in France, which are not bodies of constitutional opponents, but a conspiracy against the government itself. If the policy announced by Mr. Beck should be adopted and should be successful, the government would be overthrown, and the country plunged into anarchy. The Republicans could ask no better issue for the popular judgment than that which is thus presented.

PRISONS AND POLITICS.

We are glad to observe that the Senate of New York has ordered an inquiry into the circumstances of the change in the wardenship of the Auburn State-prison. The political and partisan management of the prisons was such a notorious and crying evil that it was felt to be a great gain for good government when the amendment to the Constitution was adopted placing them under the charge of a Superintendent, and a law was passed prohibiting the prostitution of his appointing power to partisan ends. The character and reputation of Mr. Pilsbury, who was appointed Superintendent, were such as to satisfy the public mind that the purpose of the amendments and of the law would be honestly carried out, and the prison management lifted from the slough. Last autumn, however, a change in the management of the Auburn prison was made under circumstances which apparently implied a disregard of the law, and it was announced that Mr. Pilsbury would be removed by the Governor upon what are called personal charges. There was some publication upon the subject, followed by seeming explanations, and then by silence and inaction upon the part of the Governor.

It is now rumored that this silence and inaction are due to a bargain. The rumors are very discreditable, and the Governor and the Superintendent must both desire a thorough inquiry. Senator Pomeroy, in moving the committee, said that it had been stated to him that when the charges against the Superintendent were discharged, "it was on condition of his tendering a resignation, which was neither accepted nor rejected." This means of course, if true, that the resignation is held *in terrorem* to coerce the Superintendent to such action as the managers of the Executive Chamber may desire. The facts that the Warden who was removed was a man of integrity and of experience and ability in his place, and that the one who was appointed had had no other connection with the prisons than that of a contractor, but that the latter is in sympathy with the wing of the Democratic party which the Governor favors, tend to confirm the view that the change was really one that the law forbids.

Mr. Pilsbury has been long known as one of the most experienced and efficient prison administrators in the country, and he was plainly designated by public opinion for the position which he fills. The wretched system of partisan management of the prisons, which Senator Pomeroy says has been at the Auburn prison "a public calamity," is thoroughly known to Mr. Pilsbury, and those who applauded his appointment will decline to believe that he has yielded, until the evidence is conclusive.

THE POTTER REPORTS.

Very few persons will read the long report of Mr. Potter upon the election of 1876, and it will have very little influence upon the general opinion of the proceedings of 1876 in the doubtful States. Every body believes that there was "sharp practice" upon both sides; but Mr. Potter's representation of the Democrats as especially pure and honest and desirous of fair play toward the negroes, in contrast with the attempts of the Republicans to prevent the colored voters from voting, ought to be set to music by the lively composer of *H. M. S. Pinafore*. The report can not conceal the fact that the chief object of the investigation has failed. No impropriety or knowledge of any impropriety has been shown against the President or any conspicuous Republican. There are plenty of implications and suggestions and innuendoes, but after almost a year of scrutiny and search, nothing has been found which was not believed when the inquiry began, and much which was suspected or feared has been practically disproved. The net result of the inquiry is the compiling and editing by official authority of the familiar charges of fraud, and the publication of a campaign document. This, however, is not a new proceeding. Such investigations are intended to serve a party purpose—a fact which is made especially evident in this case by the refusal of the Democratic House to adopt a reasonable method of avoiding the troubles of 1876 hereafter.

This, indeed, is the discredit of this performance. If the time that has been devoted, at great expense of money to the country, to getting a partisan advantage from the transactions of the last Presidential election, had been applied to completing a wise system of dealing with the disputes arising from such an election, the country would be grateful. As it is, all good citizens of all parties are wearied and disgusted. The important points developed by the committee were all known or assumed long since. Honest men on both sides conceded that there was much which was shameful in the conduct of the election. Such men have earnestly desired intelligent legislation, and they have received a report which merely intensifies the party passions that made the disgrace of the last election, and which therefore just so much the more threaten the next election. Some coercion of some kind, more or less flagrant according to circumstances, there will always be at elections, and some foul play, attempted or successful. Some question or doubt may be expected always regarding some electoral votes, and the more surely as the vote is more equally divided. What rules shall govern the settlement of such questions? That is the real point which Congress should have settled, and not have reiterated merely that there was doubt about the last election. Practically every reasonable man knows that the Democratic cry of fraud will be set off by the Republican cry of violence, while the Democratic party has no accumulated fund of superior honesty in elections upon which to draw. The Republican minority report is quite as strong a campaign document as the Democratic majority report, and there is no such offense proved against conspicuous Republican agents as the confessions of the cipherers establish against Democratic agents. In this wretched wrangle the Republicans are clearly less wounded than their opponents. The object of the majority report is to show that Mr. Tilden was defrauded of his election, but it is useless as against the settled conviction that his claim of election was based upon unquestionable violence.

The Potter report is called the opening of the Democratic campaign of 1880. This means that the Democratic cry is to be "fraud," and that the Republican party, its character and purpose, and the wisdom of intrusting it with the government, are to be determined by the alleged misconduct of two or three Returning Boards. If, with this cry, the Democratic candidate should be Mr. Tilden, the gentleman whose nephew and other confidential party associates tried to buy Returning Boards, the situation would be exceedingly comical if it were not profoundly humiliating. The election of 1880 will, in any case, be peculiar. The two parties have ceased to represent any general policy of administration. Upon the financial question neither party is united, nor upon that of the South, nor upon the tariff or taxation. The election will turn upon the comparative confidence reposed in the two parties. The Democrats are perhaps wise, in the absence of arguments and issues favorable to their hopes, to shout "fraud." But the lustiest shouting can not remove the deep and just distrust of the party. Business is reviving. The country wants tranquillity and steadiness. If there are to be financial experiments, dangerous changes of revenue laws, disturbances, and risks of all kinds, they will proceed from the Democratic party. Reform of administration no one expects from its ascendency. There is a general and vague apprehension of what would follow a complete Democratic control, and this is increased and deepened by the fact that there is no pronounced nor accepted party policy upon any great question, and by the announcement now distinctly made that if the legislative branch of the government can not have its way, the government shall stop for want of supplies. On the other hand, there is an equally general feeling that Republican ascendency means that no tricks will be played with the finances or with any chief public interest, that the spirit of reform and progress is on the Republican side, and that all interests would be safer under its general control. Thus, as standing for confidence against apprehension, at a time when no great question divides the country, the chances are most favorable for the Republicans. This situation will not be seriously affected by the cry of "fraud." It may or may not be true that there was Republican fraud in Louisiana, as there were unquestionably Democratic attempts at fraud in South Carolina. But the Republican party and policy are not shown and can not be shown to be in any sense dishonest. Twenty years ago the Kansas inquiries showed not only that border ruffians and assassins were Democrats, but that their crimes were meant to further the cardinal Democratic policy of slavery extension. If the alleged Louisiana frauds of Republicans could be shown to be in furtherance of some odious and alarming Republican policy, the cry of fraud would be something more than a cry. As it is, it is only a confession that the Democratic party has no policy upon which to "go to the country."

PATRIOTISM IN NEW YORK.

Twenty years ago Messrs. Hamilton Fish, Horatio Seymour, and other gentlemen organized the "Saratoga Monument Association," to secure the erection of a proper memorial on the site of Burgoyne's surrender. The spot marks the culmination and turning-point of the Revolution, and it is one of the historic fields of the world. In 1877 the centennial anniversary of the event was celebrated with great local enthusiasm, and the corner-stone of a monument was laid. The field of Saratoga, like that of Bunker Hill, is a national memory and a national glory. The soldiers of many States were arrayed against the brilliant army of Burgoyne, and the old thirteen have an especial interest in "the field of the grounded arms." A memorial has been addressed by the secretary of the association to the Legislatures of all the States of the Revolution, and Connecticut, Rhode Island, and South Carolina have referred it to an appropriate committee. As yet New York has given nothing, and we believe that Governor Robinson vetoed an appropriation toward the expenses of the celebration. But while the Legislature is considering whether it shall pay three or four thousand dollars for some letters of Revolutionary heroes—doubtless most interesting and valuable—might it not ponder the propriety of doing something to commemorate the greatest event of the Revolution in New York, the surrender of Burgoyne?

PATRONAGE.

There is one passage in the majority Potter report which will be unreservedly approved by all who are alive to the evils of our system of official patronage. It is the most vigorous and, as we think, the most truthful passage in the report, and should be pondered by every intelligent citizen. The truth has never been more admirably or trenchantly expressed:

> "But behind all these dangers remains the fundamental danger resulting from the centralization of all appointments to office in the President. In no government in the world is so vast a patronage dependent on the absolute control of a changing Executive. If the Executive were permanent, if the patronage were distributed, or if the tenure of office were in any way fixed by law, the evil would be lessened. But now at the end of each four years the entire federal patronage—amounting to one hundred and ten thousand offices—is collected in one lot, and the people divide themselves into two parties, struggling in name to choose a President, but in fact to control this enormous patronage, which the President, when elected, is compelled to distribute to his party, because he was elected to so distribute it. The temptation to fraud, to usurpation, and to corruption thus created is beyond calculation. A

> prize so great, an influence so powerful, thus centralized and put up for contest at short recurring periods, would jeopard the peace and safety of any nation. The election of a President would never lead to the effort and struggle and bitterness with which it is now attended, nor be followed by any question as to who was really the choice of the people, nor be the subject of any attempt to defeat their will, but for the offices within his gift. No nation can withstand a strife among its own people so general, so intense, and so demoralizing. No contrivance so effectual to embarrass government, to disturb the public peace, to destroy political honesty, and to endanger the common security was ever before invented. Its existence in this nation was not designed, but was the result of a national growth and centralization which the fathers could not foresee, and failed, therefore, to provide against. Every principle upon which they founded government, every practice which they inculcated, demands of us in some way to break up this system, and by removing the evils remove also the dangers with which it threatens us."

In the earlier part of the report there is another passage upon the same general subject which is not less truthful:

> "On the other hand, the power of an Administration with the absolute disposal of one hundred and ten thousand offices, some of whose members are most interested in disposing of them so as to sustain themselves and their action, is enormous, as has been felt at every step of the investigation. There is no form of continuing influence equal for convenience and control to that of an office. If a man be bribed by a sum down, he may lose it or waste it, and then the control it gave over him will be gone. But in an office which he holds at the pleasure of the person who appointed him he is under continuing control. While he is compliant and serviceable he receives a support; but when he fails in either regard, or confesses where he might have kept silent, his supplies are cut off, and he is turned out on the world without means and without character, ruined by his confession of the truth. Patronage has, besides this, the further advantage that it affords the possibility of ascribing its bestowment to just causes, and while being used for the most reprehensible purposes, the motives of its use may be concealed. It is the history of all state conspiracies that if the conspirators succeed, the means by which they do so are rarely disclosed or published while their party remains in power or control."

Mr. Webster in 1835 sententiously said the same thing: "It is generally true that he who controls another man's means of living controls his will."

It is undoubtedly true that our system of patronage is the source and supply of the most serious evils that now threaten us. If the character and conduct of Congress appall the observer, they are both largely explained by the system of patronage. If the aversion to political activity upon the part of good citizens, which our shrewdest critics have mentioned, be seen to be fraught with danger, it is due in great measure to patronage. If the general meanness and dishonesty of practical politics be alarming, they may be traced immediately to the system of patronage. If despicable rings and cliques control parties, and party spirit, always fierce enough, is inflamed and imbittered, it is mainly the result of the vast patronage of office. There is no political reform which would tend so much to the relief of so many evils as a rigorous diminution of the patronage. The very strong expressions of the majority report are doubtless due to the chairman, Mr. Potter, who is known to favor some wise treatment of the question. He has more than once alluded earnestly to the subject, and it is a significant fact that both in his report and in that upon the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department the question is so forcibly urged upon public attention. The Indian report asserted in effect that the military service was more trustworthy than the civil because of the tenure—in other words, because it was not at the mercy of patronage. The Potter report describes patronage as the crowning danger of the country. These are plain signs which should not escape the attention of the friends of reform, because they show the working of the leaven of truth in the public mind, and forecast the public opinion which will demand a change. The crucial question in a republic always is, Will the people restrain themselves, will parties moderate party spirit? That is the question of civil service reform, which thus becomes a test of patriotism and of the ability of self-government. The argument is incontestable. The only question is of willingness to apply the conclusions.

The remark of Mr. Potter that the evil of patronage is the crowning danger is the more striking because it proceeds from a partisan of the party which is now in control of the Congress that will count the next electoral vote. The election will be undoubtedly close. The result will depend upon the vote of a very few States, possibly upon that of one State. Now the dullest mind can see that the temptation of Congress to tamper with the result is immensely increased by the fact that the vast plunder called patronage depends upon the decision. Every member will feel that his power and importance will be enormously enhanced, and that his ambitions can be much more surely gratified, if he can grasp his "share" of patronage. The legitimate prizes of political contention are few compared with the chances of a general grab for plunder. Every politician will see in the declaration of the vote for his candidate the chance of impregnable party organization and a continuance of power not to be easily disturbed. The feeling that leads a majority to seat its party candidate in a contested election, so that such seating has now become almost a settled practice, would be a thousandfold stronger in the case of obtaining all the patronage of the government. Is it wise or safe to foster this peril? Yet our system of patronage fans and blows the fire of party spirit to white heat, and exposes men at every point to the severest strain of temptation. It is this vast patronage, this holding or losing hundreds of thousands, not of "offices" only, but of small places attached to offices, with all their emoluments, the fact that the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of families depends upon the result of the election, which makes the Presidential contest so absorbing and so dangerous, and surrounds its decision with such appalling temptations. And all this acknowledged peril can be obviated by diminishing the patronage in the simplest and the most practicable manner.

BLACK HOLES IN NEW YORK.

The great meeting to consider the evils of the tenement-house system showed how deep and strong is the consciousness of the abuse and the necessity of a remedy. There is, indeed, no doubt that all intelligent people are of one mind upon the subject, and the power of the Board of Health is very great. But it is a discretionary power, and it will be used only so far and so fast as public opinion requires. The law, also, can do much. As Mr. Choate well said, the Legislature can restrict the number of persons that shall be packed in a certain area of lodging-house, as Congress decides how many passengers shall be carried in a vessel. But the two important points to carry are the support by public knowledge and opinion of vigorous measures by the Board of Health, and the practical proof to the owners and inmates of tenement-houses that a decent lodging is no more costly than indecent kennelling.

This, as Mr. Choate said, has been proved elsewhere, and he referred to George Peabody's lodging-houses in London. Mr. James M. Brown said, as evidence that something could and would be done, that thirteen tenement-houses in the city have been leased by a company of ladies for improvement and experiment, and that $70,000 have been offered toward a million for a model block. The reason of such movements was eloquently stated by Mr. Godwin and others. It is one which involves the common welfare. The worst house in the city avenges itself upon the best, as in the "black assize" at Oxford the suffering of the prisoners avenged itself by the infection and death of "the Lord Chief Baron, the sheriff, and about three hundred more." The children of the slums prove their kin with the children of the palaces, and the pestilence bred in Mackerelville devastates Murray Hill. The tenement-houses—Black Holes of the city—are the nurseries of every kind of disease as well as of crime and vice. Much has been done and well done by the Board of Health. It is a matter of congratulation to the community and of honor to the Board that in a port so exposed as New York to the chances of a great immigration, the general health is so excellent, and that epidemics have been stayed. The city, indeed, is exceptionally situated for thorough drainage and ventilation. But it is something to improve advantages, and the tenement-house movement is an effort to improve them still more.

We have already published some of the appalling statistics in regard to tenement-houses. They and their purlieus are the sores that threaten the moral, physical, and political health of the country. They are so repulsive that most people prefer not to see them. But there elections are decided. There men are virtually appointed who levy and collect taxes, and govern great cities, and decide the electoral result in great States. There is the problem not only of humanity and of charity, but of statesmanship. The meeting of which we have spoken was one of practical politics as well as of practical morality—for they are akin—and American civilization ought to be as signally shown in the character of the tenement-house as it is in that of the school and the church.

PERSONAL.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan may congratulate themselves that the fame of their amusing comic opera has penetrated to the core of our continent. Last week, while at the dock of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company, in this city, we noticed certain tarry 'longshore-men who were landing from a lighter several hundred barrels of Minnesota flour, branded "Pinafore."

—Among the incidents worthy of record in connection with the last session of Congress is the fact that for the first time in the history of the United States Senate a colored man was temporarily in the Vice-President's chair, and presided over that august body. Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, had that honor. In the House of Representatives, during the Speakership of Mr. Blaine, Mr. Rainey (colored), of South Carolina, was more than once put in the chair of the House as chairman of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union by the Speaker, and Mr. Lynch (colored), of Mississippi, occupied the same position once. Both gentlemen discharged the duties creditably.

—Mr. David H. Strother, who has long been pleasantly known to the readers of *Harper's Magazine* as "Porte Crayon," was on the 3d of March unanimously confirmed as United States consul-general at the City of Mexico. The appointment is in every respect an admirable one.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the New York *Daily Graphic*, celebrated a few days ago the sixth anniversary of its establishment by appearing in a new and elegant typographical dress. The success of the *Graphic* as the only illustrated daily journal in the world is due to liberal enterprise and intelligence. In addition to fine art illustrations, the news of the day receives prompt and effective pictorial treatment in its pages, and it is always filled with bright and entertaining reading. It has been successful because it deserved to be.

—Lord Dufferin having accepted, shortly after his return to England, an invitation to dine at the Reform Club, thought it proper, on accepting the mission to St. Petersburg, to explain the matter to Lord Beaconsfield, who carelessly replied: "I really don't care where you dine; we must all dine somewhere." To Lord Dufferin's previous suggestion that if he went to St. Petersburg it would be as a Whig, the Premier drolly answered: "Oh, well, you Whigs have already almost every thing among you; there is Odo Russell, Layard, and Lyons, so one more does not signify."

—Mr. Bret Harte is to be ovated and dined in London. The last-received number of the London *World* says: "The friends and admirers of Mr. Bret Harte, who goes back to his consulate, but will return in a month, propose to entertain him at a public dinner in recognition of the delight which his admirable humor and pathos have afforded to thousands of English readers, and to bid him welcome to this country. The date has been fixed for Saturday, the 15th of March; the chair will be taken by the Earl of Rosebery, and the management of the affair has been intrusted to the three gentlemen who conducted the Archibald Forbes banquet last year to such a successful issue.

—Mr. Henry Labouchere, in *Truth*, says that "the curious may be interested to learn that Mr. Tennyson is something of a *bon vivant*, as, indeed, a bard should be. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he (like Macaulay) is an excellent caterer for others, though now comparatively indifferent to these things himself. The reader who shall taste the Laureate's wine will be fortunate indeed. I am not referring to the official 'sack' so much as to some marvellous Amontillado, the price of which I am really afraid to state to an unbelieving generation. Probably no such gift was ever made since Lord Nelson received (in 1800) a dozen bottles of the vintage of 1625."

—Mr. George W. Bull, the well-known "Taurus" of the Buffalo *Commercial*, is at the head of the veteran corps of newspaper correspondents. Mr. Bull first went to Albany fifty years ago, and for forty-five years he has been writing letters from the capital—a series of rapid pen-pictures of famous men and scenes. During that time, as he says in a recent letter, he has seen nineteen Governors and the election of many United States Senators, with the long procession of Assemblymen and State officers. Van Buren was Governor when Mr. Bull came first to Albany, and he has personally known all his successors, and his predecessor De Witt Clinton. It is a richly stored memory which covers such a period and recalls such men. But "Taurus" is satisfied to sketch for the daily press the legislative history of each day as it passes, although he has been urged to give his recollections a more permanent form. He knows probably that the diligent newspaper correspondent writes for the historian if he does not write history; and as he plies his task, "Taurus" reflects, perhaps, that if his old comrade at the case, Horace Greeley, had been contented to direct his paper, he would have died a happier man.

—Mr. William L. Stone, the author of the *Life of Sir William Johnson*, and other historical and biographical works, is engaged upon a life of George Clinton, the first Governor of the State of New York, afterward Vice-President, and a heroic figure in the history of the State and country. Mr. Stone is most fortunate in his subject, and his work will be awaited with very great interest. He is no less fortunate that he writes at this time, when public attention has been especially turned to the local history of New York by the various centennial celebrations and by the discourses of accomplished historical students, among which those of Mr. Douglas Campbell deserve particular commendation.

—M. Gambetta is the lion of the hour. He has taken possession of the Palais de Bourbon, as President of the Chamber of Deputies. In the vicissitudes of life and the change of proprietors, this circumstance must be esteemed curious in the history of palaces. M. Gambetta, the republican, of humble origin, although now one of the most wealthy proprietors of France, succeeds the Duc de Morny in the residence on the Quai d'Orsay, surrounded by its beautiful gardens. The palace has been refitted with the most lavish magnificence for the present occupant, and the public hints that the upholsterers have expended all their skill in the hope that M. Gambetta will marry before the end of the year, and place a graceful hostess in such a fitting shrine. Treasures are gathered here from the wreck of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and St. Cloud. The suite of state apartments, lofty, spacious, and hung with white, each dedicated to the Arts, the Graces, or the Seasons, will be open on the occasion of the inauguration of the fêtes of the new minister. The dining-room is in such close proximity to the Hall of Deputies that M. Gambetta can fold his napkin and at one step take his seat in council. The boudoir, hung with blue satin, with the ceiling of the same material, still retains the table of the Duchesse de Morny. The bedroom, furnished with bronze satin and blue, is the apartment in which died the Duc de Morny. May the dreams of M. Gambetta be tranquil here! The reader of Alphonse Daudet's *Nabob* will recall the powerful delineation of the death of this nobleman, on the occasion when the Emperor and Empress passed up the marble stairway to bid farewell to their statesman. Paris now seeks to abolish all trace of the polished and crafty Morny. The street bearing his name, near the Arc de Triomphe, has been baptized instead Rue Pierre Charron.

—Rev. Dr. H. N. Brinsmade, of Newark, gave $8000 to the college in Beloit, Wisconsin, where he was formerly settled. He also left by will $7000 more to that college, and $8000 to Carleton's College, in Northfield, Minnesota, for the education of young men for the ministry.

—Writing of Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, a correspondent of the Troy *Times* says: "He is in many respects a wonderful man. His reputation as a statesman and an advocate is already national, but his many admirable traits as a man are best known by his friends at home. He is a scholar of rare attainments, and has by far the best library in Milwaukee, his collection of Shakspeare's works being one of the best in the country. He is a daily student of Shakspeare and the Bible, and no one quotes Avon's bard or the Holy Word more aptly and accurately than he."

—Mr. Ralph Disraeli, brother of Lord Beaconsfield, is an elderly man, living in comparative obscurity. He strolls about old gardens with a book in his hand, goes into no society, and is never among the list of guests at Lord Beaconsfield's house. He has a very snug life office, Deputy Clerk of the House of Lords, with a salary of $9000 a year, and would probably succeed to the Clerkship, worth $12,500, now held by Sir William Rose. Mr. Disraeli declines to be interviewed in reference to his marriage, family, or any thing relating to his domestic affairs.

—In a sketch of Mr. Gladstone published recently in a London paper we are told that he is a tender father, a devoted husband, a true and good friend, and never worries about domestic trifles. His disinterestedness about money matters is so great that he refused an augmentation of salary when Prime Minister, and left the office impoverished. He had to sell a goodly collection of china which he had amassed (for he is a connoisseur), and soon afterward his library, which was bought back for him by Lord Wolverton. His readiness to succor all who appeal to his charity is only limited by his means, and he frequently returns from a country walk with his pockets cleaned out, thanks to his distributions of gold and silver among the sick or needy villagers. Some months ago he went out for a walk of about twelve miles, intending to return to Hawarden by train; but in the evening he found he had given away every thing, and had not money left to pay for his ticket, so he trudged home on foot, arriving so late that his family had become uneasy. Mr. Gladstone does more than give money away, for he has often been known to go and read the Bible to tenants who were bedridden; and this mission of charity he has always discharged in the most natural, unostentatious fashion, even when he was Prime Minister, and had work enough to occupy all the moments of such a sturdy toiler as himself.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The forty-fifth Congress expired at noon on the 4th inst. Two of the appropriation bills failed to pass, viz., the Army, the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial. The points of disagreement were the clauses abolishing the jurors' test oath and the United States Election Law.—Two all-night sessions were held, and both Houses sat on Sunday, the 2d inst. The Brazilian mail subsidy proposition was rejected on the 30th ult., and the Yellow Fever Bill was tabled in the House on the 1st inst. The President vetoed the Chinese Immigration Bill, and the House sustained the veto, less than two-thirds voting to pass the bill the second time. The vote was 109 to 95. The Census Bill, as amended by the House, passed the Senate on the 3d. The committee who investigated the connection of Senator Matthews with the Louisiana count made a report exonerating him.—The President, on the 4th, issued a proclamation convening Congress in extra session on the 18th inst. The new House will consist of 146 Democrats, 128 Republicans, and 13 Greenbackers, of whom seven are said to have Democratic proclivities and six Republican.

The business portion of the town of Reno, Nevada, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 2d inst. The loss will amount to $1,000,000.

The Michigan Republican Convention met at Lansing on the 6th, and nominated a candidate for Associate Judge of the Supreme Court and two candidates for Regents of the State University. The platform adopted was strictly in favor of hard money. The Democrats and Greenbackers met in the same city on the 28th ult., and formed a coalition against the Republicans. A ticket was agreed upon, and the Democrats adopted all but one resolution of the Greenback platform.

FOREIGN NEWS.

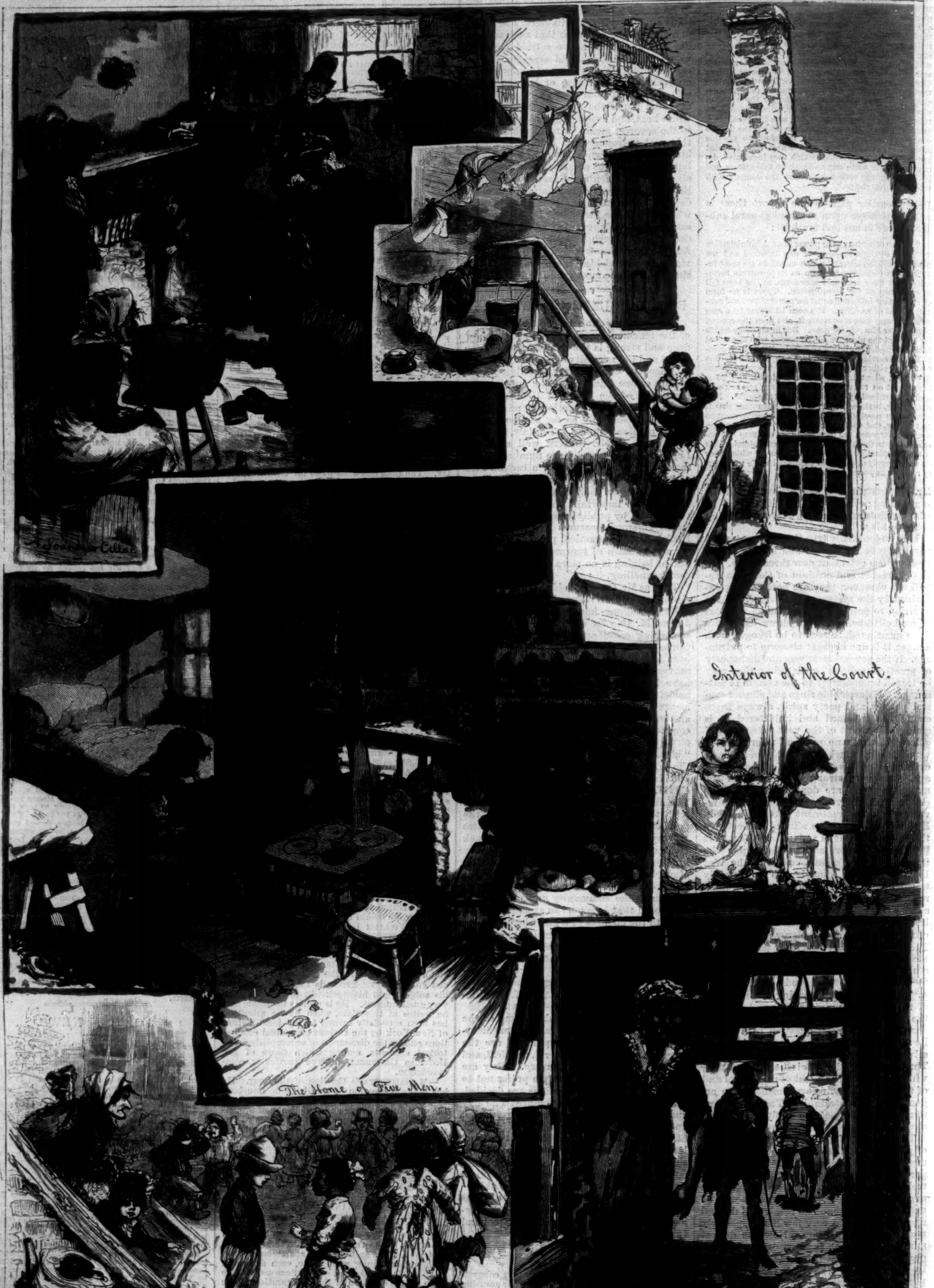
The French Senate, on the 28th ult., passed the government Amnesty Bill by a vote of 163 to 86, after rejecting M. Victor Hugo's proposition for a full and complete amnesty.—On the 3d inst., M. De Marcère, French Minister of the Interior, resigned in consequence of the adoption of a motion by the Chamber of Deputies assailing the Prefecture of Police. M. Lepère, Minister of Commerce, succeeds him, and he in turn is succeeded by M. Pierre Emmanuel Tirard.—The British House of Commons, on the 4th inst., rejected, by a vote of 291 to 226, Mr. Trevelyan's motion in favor of the equalization of the borough and county franchise.

A publication issued by a Russian secret press declares that the Governor of Charkoff was condemned to death by the Socialists for inhuman treatment of political prisoners, and was executed by one of that party.

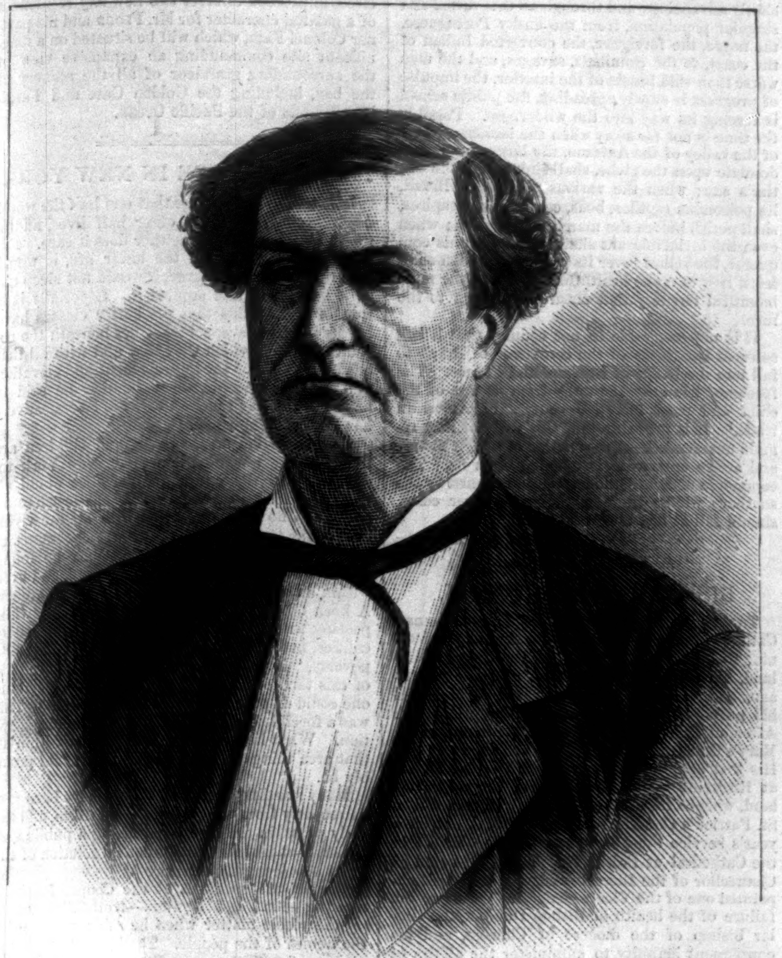
The Spanish steamer *Guillermo*, bound from Baltimore for Liverpool, was run into by the Steamer *Istrian*, from the latter port, near the Skerries, in the Irish Sea, on the 2d inst. Soon afterward the *Guillermo* took fire and sank. Some of the crew are missing, but they are believed to have been picked up by a Dublin steamer not yet in port.

Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, died at Taskourgan on the 21st ult. The news reached Europe through Lord Lytton, to whom it was communicated by Yakoob Khan, the son and heir of the deceased. After this event a bloody conflict broke out among the followers of the various pretenders to the Afghan throne, and the partisans of Yakoob Khan were victorious. It was reported that Yakoob Khan and two other pretenders had taken refuge at Herat.

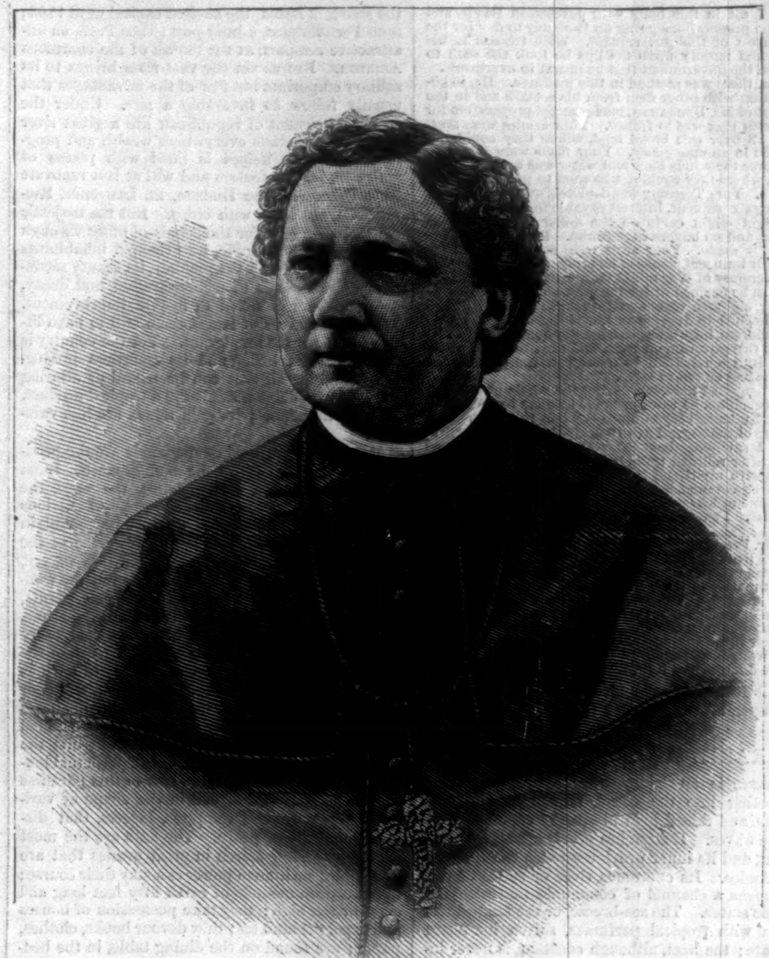
The Prussian Parliamentary Discipline Bill is still hotly debated in the Reichstag, Prince Bismarck himself defending the measure, and many of the members opposing it. In the course of the discussion Vice-President Baron Stauffenburg, who, in consequence of his office, is considered authority on the subject, treated the bill sharply, and appealed to the House to reject the bill.


A Stale-beer Cellar
Interior of the Court.
The Home of Five Men.
W.A. Rogers.
Children of the Neighborhood.
Entrance of the Alley

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK—SKETCHES IN "BOTTLE ALLEY."—Drawn by William A. Rogers.—[See Page 226.]



THE HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.—[Photographed by C. A. Bell.]



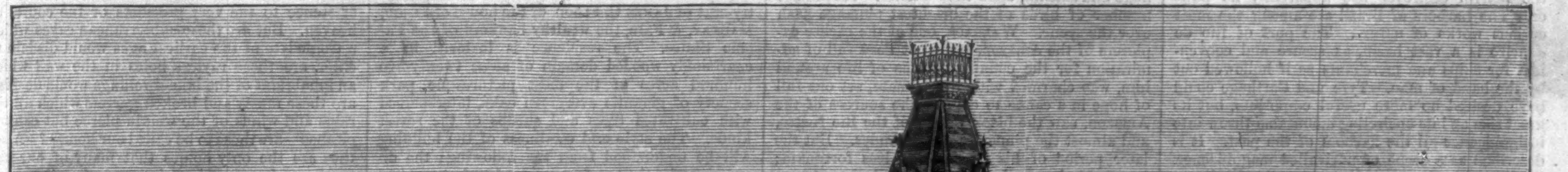
THE LATE BISHOP THOMAS FOLEY.—Photographed by Mosher.—[See Page 226.]

HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

On the night of March 3 a long and acrimonious debate took place in the United States Senate, on the motion of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, to amend the Pension Bill by excluding the name of Jefferson Davis from the roll of the Mexican war pensioners. The Democratic Senators were exceedingly bitter in their remarks. "The most glowing eulogies," says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "were paid to the leader of the lost cause, whose glory, it was said, exceeded that of Greece, and whose honors overtopped those of Rome. He had not asked for a pension; he would scorn a pension; his name was the synonym of all that was honorable and chivalric, and he was enshrined in the hearts of the Southern people as worthy to go down in history with a Washington and a Hampden. His sins, it was said, with apparent pride, were those of a whole people, and his guilt was shared by many now filling seats on the floor of the Senate."

The most interesting event of the debate was the speech of Senator Chandler, of Michigan, made about three o'clock in the morning. He said:

> "Mr. President, twenty years ago, I, in company with Mr. Jefferson Davis, stood up in this Chamber, and with him swore by Almighty God that I would support the Constitution of the United States. Jefferson Davis came from the cabinet of Franklin Pierce into the Senate of the United States, and took the oath with me to be faithful to this government. During four



THE COUNTRY-SEAT OF MR. JAMES C. FLOOD, MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA.—From the Architect's Drawing.—[See Page 226.]

years I sat in this body with Jefferson Davis, and saw the preparations going on from day to day for the overthrow of this government. With treason in his heart and perjury upon his lips he took the oath to sustain the government that he meant to overthrow.

"Sir, there was method in this madness. He, in co-operation with other men from his section and in the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, made careful preparation for the event that was to follow. Your armies were scattered all over this broad land, where they could not be used in an emergency. Your fleets were scattered wherever the winds blew and water was found to float them, where they could not be used to put down a rebellion. Your Treasury was depleted, until your bonds, bearing six per cent. interest payable in coin, were sold for eighty-eight cents on the dollar for current expenses, and no buyers were found. Preparations were carefully made. Your arms were sold, under an apparently innocent clause in an army bill, providing that the Secretary of War might, in his discretion, sell such arms as he deemed fit for the government to sell.

"Sir, eighteen years ago last month I sat in this hall and listened to Jefferson Davis delivering his farewell address, informing us what our constitutional duties to this government were, and then he left and entered into a rebellion to overthrow the government that he had sworn to serve.

"I remained here, Sir, during the whole of that terrible rebellion. I saw our brave soldiers by thousands—I might almost say millions—as they passed on to the theatre of the war. I saw their shattered ranks returning. I saw steamboat after steamboat, and railroad train after railroad train, bringing back the wounded. I was with my friend [pointing to General Burnside] when he commanded the Army of the Potomac, and saw piles of legs and arms that would make humanity shudder. I saw the widows and orphans made by this war.

"Mr. President, I little thought at that time that I should live to hear in the Senate of the United States eulogies upon Jefferson Davis living—a living rebel—on the floor of the Senate of the United States. Sir, I am amazed to hear it, and I can tell the gentlemen on the other side that they little know the spirit of the North when they come here at this day, with bravado on their lips, uttering eulogies upon him whom every man, woman, and child in the North believes to have been a double-dyed traitor."

This forcible speech made a profound impression upon all who listened to it.

BRAZIL AND THE AMAZON.

Brazil is an immense cape or promontory projecting into the ocean, fanned by the sea-breeze, and raised high above the common level of the waves. It stretches nearly across the Continent, and its inner provinces touch the roots of the Andes. Its enormous river or series of rivers opens a channel of communication with the Pacific states. The sea-breeze, or the land-winds, laden with tropical perfumes, soften its torrid climate; the heat, although constant, is never intolerable; the air is usually healthful, except, perhaps, where the traveller wanders, like Wallace, in swamps and noisome streams laden with malaria, feeding upon unaccustomed food. It is the happy peculiarity of Brazil that the earthquake that reigns supreme over all the rest of South America scarcely comes within its borders—a singular exemption! Caraccas and Peru are never safe from the most dreadful of earthly calamities; their shores are strewn with the ruins of tidal waves, their cities wasted by endless shocks; but over the rich delta of the Amazon or the prosperous sites of Rio and Pernambuco the fearful destroyer has apparently no power. The harbors of Brazil are among the most curious works of nature. The port of Rio de Janeiro is a vast basin, as secure and convenient for ships and merchants as if hollowed out by the hand of man. Tyre and Carthage could have desired no more useful emporium, but its great size and its encircling mountains throw into insignificance all the harbors of the past. It is described as a scene of unrivalled magnificence. "As our ship moved gently onward," wrote Stewart in 1850, "it was like the unfolding of a panorama." A "gigantic avenue of mountains and palm-covered isles," says Fletcher, "forms a colonnade to the entrance of the matchless bay;" cacti and rich-flowering parasites hang over the rocky hills; the bright-leaved woods, the purple flowers of the native trees, deceive the sight; new mountains rise; a fortress frowns over the entrance; far away the great city appears, white and lost in tropical vegetation on the hills; the bay is filled with ships, life, movement; and the splendor of the prospect seems to the traveller to exceed all that he has seen or felt in other lands. Some trace of exaggeration may be suspected. But when the short twilight of the tropic ends, the harbor of Rio assumes a new and startling beauty. The hills are marked with long lines of endless gas-lights; their very forms may be defined; every vessel hangs out a lamp; the ferry-boats rush by glittering with many-colored lights; the waters glow with phosphorescence, and every turn of the wheel produces a brilliant illumination; above, the sky glitters with stars, and the Southern Cross, the queen of the constellations, contends with Orion for the mastery of heaven.

Such is the language, somewhat chastened and subdued, in which the missionary and the man of science describe the bay of Rio. The city loses much when taken out of the realm of fancy. But it is still a remarkable place, a secure haven where the commerce of the future may well centre, where a great and intelligent population may in the next century discuss the new questions of political economy that will stir the American continent. As yet the Brazilian is somewhat languid, the air enervating, the yellow fever a dangerous visitor of the Rio and Pará. Wallace lost a brother by it, Stewart found its traces in the quiet streets. The rule of the papal clergy, some religious intolerance, the vestiges of slavery, have still to be banished from the cities and shores of Brazil before it can advance rapidly. The Brazilian Empire is as yet only the outline of a vast and populous state. Its extent is really imperial. It embraces more than 3,000,000 of square miles, is larger than the United States without Alaska, nearly twice as large as Europe without Russia. It is second in size only to China and the Russian Empire. But over this immense territory, capable of supporting all the nations of the West, a population of only about 10,000,000 is thinly scattered, or gathered chiefly on the coasts. Its chief city is Rio; next above it, 800 miles along the shore, is Bahia, the ancient capital until 1763; then Pernambuco, a busy port; then Pará, an unattractive sea-port, at the mouth of the enormous Amazon. But as yet the vast river brings to its solitary emporium but few of the advantages that usually follow so favorable a site. Under the active movement of republican life a great river necessarily spreads everywhere wealth and progress. The Mississippi is lined with places of active trade, and fosters and will at last renovate New Orleans. The Hudson, St. Lawrence, Sacramento, are sown with cities. But the majestic Amazon still rolls for thousands of miles through its magnificent solitude, its principal inhabitants the wild Indian and the monkey, its scanty settlements the centres of demoralization and decay. Imperialism has failed to inspire improvement. The endless acres of Brazil seem still to have little charm for the immigrant. Yet the country is fertile beyond belief, and its countless productions embrace all that can be useful or alluring to men. Its diamonds, always a tropical product, are still numerous; its gold mines are less valuable.

But richer than gold or diamonds are the products of its fertile soil, its coffee, cotton, India rubber, sugar, rice, the mandioc, the sago, the milk-tree, the cocoa, timber, woods of various hues, even the wheat and corn of its mountain districts, and its tea, that is not unworthy of the best-cultivated provinces of China. Wallace, Orton, and Agassiz have painted or felt the wonderful variety and splendor of its insects, plants, birds, and flowers. Butterflies of splendid hue, blue, red, or golden, winged blossoms, float every where from shrub to shrub; the deep green of the woods is covered with passion-flowers of various tints and odors; trees laden with pink, white, or scented blossoms burst into bloom in the heats of December and January; the gardens are gilded with orange and lemon trees laden with fruit; the soft and temperate heat nourishes a perpetual luxuriance of fruit and flower. But to this paradise comes the principle of evil in the shape of various reptiles, snakes, vampires, insects, that disturb the abode of peace. The ants are the most annoying. They march in great armies that are invincible; no human power can stay their course; they heap up mounds of earth fifty feet long and eight or ten high; they take possession of houses and expel the inmates; they devour books, clothes, paper; are found on the dining table, in the bedroom; white, red, black, some minute, some large and formidable, they rule over Brazil with an authority that no one disputes. Snakes, less formidable but more odious, abound every where. Anacondas, huge and languid, hang from the trees, and are accused of even swallowing horses; a countless number of reptiles, some poisonous and deadly, fill the landscape. The ponds swarm with alligators; the Amazon teems with fish and turtle; that most curious of its species, the manatee, or cow-fish, feeds on the grass of its banks, yields the milk, and has even the face of a cow. Countless monkeys chatter in the woods, or look down, huge and solemn, upon the traveller. An infinite number of birds of the brightest plumage flash over the scene. Wallace, one of the earlier explorers of the Amazon, landed at Pará full of admiration for the countless forms of life around him, was charmed with the climate, set out full of hope in a canoe to explore the sources of the Amazon, saw the black waters of the Rio Negro, and almost the pinnacles of the Andes. But the later period of his travels was less fortunate; he was shaken and wasted with malarious fever; the ship he set sail to return home in caught fire and was burned, with all his collection of rare objects; the naturalist and the crew floated on the sea for some days in open boats, were rescued at last, and landed safely in England. But it is to American intelligence and enterprise that the chief explorations of the rivers and inland districts of Brazil are due. The names of Herndon, Gibbon, Maury, Agassiz, Orton, and many more are connected with all its later progress. American steamers floated first on the rivers; the Plata and the Amazon were almost discovered anew by Americans.

One of the most remarkable of the productions of Brazil is its Emperor. At twenty-five Dom Pedro II. is represented by a traveller as tall, stately, active, full of intellect and energy. He towered above his subjects in stature, he was the most liberal and progressive of his race. He has never ceased to be a liberal. Half Austrian, half Portuguese, he has none of the bigotry of the past, and is the slave neither of priest nor prejudice. Dom Pedro is apparently the result of that political education to which the rulers of Brazil have been subjected in misfortune and decay. His ancestors fled from Portugal in 1808, before the arms of Napoleon, to begin a new course of conduct in the New World. Brazil was made free to the commerce of all nations. In 1822 it revolted from the Portuguese rule; the liberals took the control of the government; Dom Pedro I. ascended the throne, but when he seemed inclined to reaction and despotism, the people rose, the Emperor abdicated in favor of his son, then five years old, the present possessor of the throne. Frequent revolts, wars, a fearful rising of the Indians at Pará, have marked the later history. In 1840 the Brazilians once more rebelled, the regency was overthrown, and Dom Pedro II., the present Emperor, aided by a liberal ministry, began his reign. He has shown intelligence, humanity; has surrounded himself by men of republican impulses, literary cultivation, politeness, honor. He has firmly opposed the overbearing policy of the priests. He is a lover of letters, an author or translator; his favorite poet is Longfellow. Such is this peculiar Emperor, the elective ruler of Brazil. Public schools are encouraged, science fostered; the Amazon is thrown open to foreigners; immigration is invited; Brazilian authors write and flourish; the rivers of Brazil are already occupied by lines of steamers, the Amazon is a well-known highway; railroads are slowly advancing; and through all this varied and singular population, from the dusky Portuguese, the negro, the foreigner, the converted Indian of the coast, to the cannibals, savages, and the men worse than wild beasts of the interior, the impulse of progress is slowly spreading, the public school is forcing its way into the wilderness. Possibly the time is not far away when the immense forest of the valley of the Amazon, the largest and most desolate upon the globe, shall sink before the settler's axe; when the various plagues of Brazil, its poisonous reptiles, boas, centipedes, vampires, shall perish before the march of invention; when even the invincible ant shall have found his conqueror, the yellow fever its cure; when men shall learn how to make healthful and useful the most bountiful territory that nature has given to the race.

It is not creditable to our country that it has suffered two-thirds of the commerce of Brazil to fall into the hands of England and France. The foreigner has snatched away from us one of the chief and most lucrative centres of American trade.[1] It is probable that this will not long remain unamended. A new period of honest money and active enterprise is opening upon us. The commerce of Brazil, the happy land fanned by the southern winds, where earthquakes never come, should fall at last into American hands.

Eugene Lawrence.

BISHOP THOMAS FOLEY.

The Right Reverend Thomas Foley, Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago, who died on the 19th ult., was born in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, March 6, 1822. He was of Irish parentage, and when but a boy of ten he declared his purpose to give himself to the priesthood. After an eight years' course he graduated at St. Mary's College, and in 1846 was ordained a Priest. His first appointment was to St. Mary's Church, at Rockville Centre, Montgomery County, Maryland, whence he was subsequently transferred to St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C. After a year's service there he was called to officiate in the Cathedral at Baltimore. There he acted as Chancellor of the Diocese, and was afterward appointed one of the Vicars-General. Owing to the failure of the health of Bishop Duggan, the titular bishop of the diocese of Chicago, and his consequent inability to administer the affairs of the charge, Dr. Foley was appointed, on November 19, 1869, Coadjutor of the Bishop of Chicago and Administrator of the Diocese. Three months later he was consecrated as Bishop of Chicago, and soon afterward he entered upon the duties of his office. Bishop Foley was accounted one of the most eloquent prelates of his Church in this country. His portrait will be found on page 225.

A CALIFORNIA PALACE.

Our illustration on page 225 is from a drawing by Laver & Curlett, architects of the country-seat of James C. Flood, of the house of Flood, Mackay, & Fair, the wealthy bankers of the Pacific States. The residence is inclosed in a charmingly wooded domain of some twenty-five hundred acres of the most picturesque park scenery of gigantic evergreen oaks, interspersed with cultivated trees and shrubs of the rarest kinds. The style and costliness of the building will be understood from the following: the dimensions for the two façades are 120 feet and 230 feet respectively; the grounds are superbly laid out and enriched with the most exquisite bronzes and statuary, terrace walls, drives, serpentine walks, labyrinths, conservatories, fountains, and ornamental waters reaching down to the great San Francisco Bay.

The ground-floor is adapted for large social entertainments, and consists chiefly of drawing-rooms, conservatory of music, reception-rooms, library, dining, billiard, smoking, and breakfast rooms, grand halls and staircases, vestibules, and servants' offices in the rear, etc. The different apartments are of large proportions, communicating one with the other through large openings, and, if desired, can, with a single exception, be thrown into one grand suite; the spacious piazza, twenty feet wide, also forms a feature in this semi-tropical climate for promenading. The second floor contains a large picture-gallery, lighted from handsomely designed ceiling lights of painted glass of the signs of the zodiac and various other devices, ladies' boudoir, ladies' and gentlemen's rooms, guests' chambers, dressing-rooms, ordinary bath-rooms, and Russian and Turkish baths, and all the best appliances known to modern science and hygiene. The finish of these floors will be of European and American choice woods, carved and executed in the most artistic style of cabinet-work, all being French or hand polished. A large portion of the ground-floor will be of parquet and mosaic work of elaborate patterns; the chimney-pieces are of various-colored marbles inlaid with onyx, malachite, and other costly European stones; the walls and ceilings frescoed in oil, in accordance with suitable designs for each apartment. The third story is set apart for the servants, and is finished in an appropriate manner in hard wood. The basement contains wine-cellars, larders, etc., and the heating and ventilating are after the best approved principles and system throughout.

The style of architecture is somewhat new in American buildings, it being a modification of the Louis Quatorze, and has in this instance been successful in the treatment of the various intricate forms. Mr. Augustus Laver, who has been on a tour of inspection in Europe, states that in addition to this large establishment he has received instructions, on his return to San Francisco, to proceed to erect two new city residences of a palatial character for Mr. Flood and his partner Colonel Fair, which will be situated on a magnificent site commanding an expansive view of the surrounding grandeur of all the scenery of the bay, including the Golden Gate and Farallone Islands of the Pacific Ocean.

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK.

It is a time-worn adage that one half the world does not know how the other half lives, and it might almost be added, neither does it care. For if it knew the evils of the lower life, it would seek a remedy; if it cared, it would not sleep until it had found and applied it. Especially is it true of large cities that the better classes have hardly begun to suspect what lies beneath the social stratum in which they live, and with all that has been done for the improvement and elevation of the poorer people, the work may be said to have been barely touched, so little comparatively has been accomplished.

Half a million men, women, and children are living in the tenement-houses of New York today, many of them in a manner that would almost disgrace heathendom itself. No brush could paint and no pencil describe with all the vividness of the truth itself the utter wretchedness and misery, the vice and crime, that may be found within a stone's-throw of our City Hall, and even within an arm's-length of many of our churches. A keen observer said recently to a friend, while passing through one of these densely crowded localities, notorious for its crimes as well as for its poverty, "If you were to cut out one square mile of this territory and hand it over to the devil, no one could dispute his title to the property." This was a forcible expression, but hardly an exaggeration. What he meant to say was that within all that area things were as bad as they could possibly be.

Many startling facts and figures have been given recently from the pulpit, the platform, and the daily press, in the hope of arousing a public sentiment that may lead to a practical solution of the great problem that is before us.

One of the speakers at the Cooper Institute meeting—Mr. Parke Godwin—truthfully summed up the whole matter when he said: "These are the homes of the people. The homes! God forgive us for such a prostitution of the blessed word home! As you and I know it, it has no meaning there. As it is celebrated in literature and poetry, as it is consecrated by legislation, as it is embalmed in our affections, it has no meaning there. As you and I know it, the home is the resort of peace and joy and love, the centre of the sweetest and tenderest ties, the educator of the young, and through them far more the educator of the old; the source of whatever is noble and manly and truthful in human character, diffusing its gentle influences outward over all society, and by the magic of its charms sweetening all the intercourse of life, and lifting our existence to the very precincts of the courts of heaven. But are these subterranean caves which a troglodyte of the earliest ages would disdain to enter, are these rayless holes in the wall which an inhabitant of the lake-dwellings would despise, are these musty and broken garrets which all the rains and winds of the welkin pierce but can not cleanse—are these to be called our homes? Alas! they are the only homes that many of our citizens ever know—where intemperance is nursed, where crime is cradled, where pale-eyed famine and flushed fever lodge, where the instincts of innocent childhood are stifled in the birth, where the modesty of girlhood finds no sheltering veil, where the sobs and sighs of mothers and wives expire in despair, while around them roar the curses of drunken ribaldry and the cries of brutal violence."

To assist our readers in forming some idea of what tenement-house life in New York really is, we have sent our artists to sketch here and there some of the abodes of the poor. "Bottle Alley," near the old Five Points, the first of the series, is shown on page 224. How it came by this name no one knows, but it was probably so called because of the trade in old bottles carried on by a junk man who lives in the rear. The police officer on the "post" offers a different explanation, however. He says, "Nobody in there used to be satisfied with an ordinary 'nip;' they drank it from the bottle, and that's the way the name was hitched to it. Now," he adds, "it ought to be called 'Tin Pail Alley,' for the bottle isn't big enough for them. They get it by the pailful. It's cheap—only a cent or two a pail for the raw stuff." It might as well be called "Battle Alley," for every week it contributes an assault-and-battery case to the police courts. "They don't row so much as they used to, though," the same officer said. "A year or more ago they killed a man in there, and since then they have behaved pretty well for them."

The alleyway, about four and a half feet wide, is cut through the front house, and running back about thirty-five feet, it opens into a little court-yard that faces the rear building. It is irregularly paved with cobble-stones, is covered with filth, and looks as if it might be a passageway for horses to and from a stable. Standing at the entrance, and looking in from the street, no one would ever dream that the tumble-down building in the rear was the abode of human beings. It is an old house, and has a curious history, having been built originally on the edge of the Collect Pond when that part of the city was little more than a farm. Its occupants then were highly respectable people, but a great change has come over the scene, and to-day the place is only a den.

The cellar is a queer hole. Passing down a flight of stone steps (every one of which is out of joint with its neighbor) and through a dilapidated doorway, the visitor stands in an apartment not much larger than an ordinary hall bedroom, ten feet by fourteen, with a ceiling so low that he is afraid to keep his hat on lest it brush the dirt from overhead. One of the walls is of bare logs, and the other of undressed stone. There are no chairs to sit on, only a few rough boxes. An Italian family of five persons occupied the room until recently, paying $5 a month rent, and taking lodgers—sometimes eight to twelve—at five cents a night. To add to their income they sold sour beer at two cents a pint, or three cents a quart. Of those who frequented the place, Dr. SHAFFER says in his official report: "Humanity gets no lower than these people are. They are looked down upon even by the other denizens of the alley." A short time since this family moved out, but another came in its place, and the old business will be carried on as usual.

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[1] Orton, *The Andes and Amazons* (Harper & Brothers, 1875), gives the most striking and practical account of the Amazon and its valley. His narrative is often exceedingly interesting.

The two upper floors are not quite so bad, but there are sights to be seen in some of the rooms that baffle description. The stairs are on the outside of the building, leading up from the court to a balcony, from which doors open into the several apartments. The interior of one of these rooms is shown in the central picture. Here five Italians keep bachelors' hall, each one paying his share of the little that is needed to run the concern. One is a carpenter, another a shoemaker, and three are sweepers of the streets. The floor is destitute of carpet, is sunken in one corner, and is covered with grease and dirt. The ceiling and walls are more like those of a smoke-house than of a dwelling. There are no closets or pantries. The cooking utensils hang about the fire-place, the dishes are piled on the table, and the personal effects are crammed into canvas bags that hang from pegs against the walls. None of the vessels used in cooking or serving a meal are ever washed. They are simply emptied, or "cleared off," and laid aside for the next meal. The food is gathered principally from the garbage boxes on the streets or from the offal of the markets, and one cooking every week is about all that is done. The sleeping appointments are equally bad. There are no bedsteads. Five filthy-looking mattresses spread on boards supported by carpenters' "horses" serve as resting-places. There is no distinction between day and night in the matter of dress. Every man of them goes to bed in the clothes he works in, boots and all, and from one year's end to the other they are never known to wash themselves. They never buy any thing to wear, every article of apparel being fished from the ash-barrels. One of the men boasted that he found a coat in a street box and wore it to church the next Sunday, and "no need brushee off." It was clean enough, he thought. They belong to a class who save money, and when they get capital enough together, return to the old country to finish out their days. The Italians are not the only occupants of the house. There are Irish there too, and some of them as cleanly as their surroundings will permit, but there is the same crowding in nearly all the rooms.

But the saddest sight of all is the children of the "Alley," running about the streets, with their little pinched faces and shivering forms. Mr. ROGERS has pictured a group of these neglected waifs playing on the sidewalk in front of the house. In spite of their squalor it is curious to observe the outcropping of the feminine instinct for decoration shown by some of the little girls of the neighborhood in the matter of dress. Nearly all of them have some bits of color displayed among their rags. A faded neckerchief once brightly colored, a little bow upon the neck, or a bit of dirty calico or cast-off silk in lieu of ribbons in the hair, satisfies the girlish fancy for the beautiful.

Dr. R. H. DERBY, chairman of the sub-committee on tenement-houses, of the Board of State Charities' Aid Association, and his assistant, Dr. E. L. SHAFFER, have carefully inspected the "Alley," and the latter has prepared a valuable report of their observations. To both these gentlemen we are indebted for courtesies shown to our artist, and for information given to the writer of this article.

THE ENTRY INTO JELALABAD.

THE entry of the British troops into Jelalabad has already been described in our columns. Our double-page illustration shows Sir SAMUEL BROWNE, with Major CAVAGNARI and other staff officers, about to ride in through the Peshawur gate of the town. The parade and ceremonial Durbar, held on January 1, were intended to commemorate the anniversary of the proclamation of her Majesty as Empress of India at Delhi. The troops paraded formed a line of nearly one mile in length on the plain south of the encampment. General Sir SAMUEL BROWNE, who does not appear in our illustration of the scene, stood at a point opposite the centre of the line, accompanied by his staff officers, and when the artillery had fired a royal salute, and had limbered up again, he called for "three cheers for the Queen." These were heartily given by all the troops.

At the Durbar, soon after the troops were reviewed, all the khans, or native chiefs of the district, who had submitted to British authority, came in and were presented to Sir SAMUEL BROWNE. The general, it will be observed, has lost his left arm. Amongst them was the Sirdar ABDUL KHALIK KHAN, an influential person in Afghanistan. Each of them was brought up by Mr. JENKINS, and was introduced first to Major CAVAGNARI, who then explained to the general, in most cases, the name, rank, and position of the visitor, and a few coins, laid on a white cloth, were offered as a complimentary "nuzzur." General MACPHERSON, General JENKINS, and many other officers were present, including some native officers of the regiments. After the presentations Major CAVAGNARI addressed the Durbar in English, and Mr. JENKINS read a document in the Persian language; Sir SAMUEL BROWNE also spoke a few words in English, and the proceedings ended.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 23.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Tuesday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

ARE there any longer "Catholic states" in Europe? is a question of moment to the secular as well as the religious world. It has been said in this journal that the Catholic powers are slipping out of the hands of the Chief Pontiff, and the fact is now reluctantly admitted by Church writers. The London *Tablet* confesses, with regard to France, Austria, Spain, Italy, Bavaria, Belgium, and Portugal, that whatever propriety there may have been in designating them as "Catholic" in former times "has almost entirely disappeared." The only one of them all in which the government is influenced by the Church is Spain, and even there, says the *Tablet*, "the Catholicism of the state is superficial and formal, and nothing like a warm support of Catholic interests at home or abroad is to be looked for from those in power." In France, once called "the eldest daughter of the Church," five of the present ministers of state are Protestants, and of the remaining four not one "is a practical Catholic." Since Austria, says this same paper, became a constitutional state, "the government can no longer be said to have any particular religious character." Portugal, from the days of POMBAL, has jealously watched the Church; the same may be said of the policy of Bavaria; and the Belgian liberals have made a successful campaign against Catholic control of the government.

The *Tablet* takes, therefore, a gloomy view of the prospects of Europe. Whether this apostasy of the Catholic powers "is a precursor of the last days of the world's history" it does not know, but fears that the end is coming. More likely the signs indicate the end of the Church of Rome as a political power, but not necessarily the termination of its energy as a spiritual force.

The Congregationalists have secured lately one minister from the Methodists, the Rev. WESLEY R. DAVIS, who succeeds the Rev. Dr. HEPWORTH as pastor of the Church of the Disciples, New York, and are trying to secure another from the Presbyterians, the Rev. Dr. J. T. DURYEA, of Brooklyn, whom they have invited to the Central Church of Boston. Dr. DURYEA was several years ago called to succeed the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS as pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of this city, but declined the call. The Central Congregational Church is one of the largest and finest in Boston. It was founded forty years ago by the Rev. JOHN TODD. Its present edifice cost $400,000.

It is proposed in Ohio to obtain legislative permission for a lottery, the proceeds thereof to be applied to the payment of Archbishop PURCELL's debts. This would be swindling the people outright, and it is to be hoped that the scheme may be dropped. Bad banking is a serious evil, yet is not necessarily criminal; but plundering the people by a lottery is a crime. With their usual good sense, the Scotch have frowned upon the proposal to relieve by means of a lottery the sufferers from the failure of the Glasgow bank. They have helped the sufferers by the direct gift of over $1,000,000. One of the Scotch courts has recently decided that the practice of raffling at bazars—the name there for charitable fairs—is illegal.

On the 4th of March Archbishop PURCELL made an assignment of all his property, except churches and parish schools, to his brother, Father EDWARD PURCELL; the brother very promptly made an assignment to JOHN B. MANNIX, attorney. Suits had been brought to the amount of $100,000. The estimated value of the property assigned is $400,000; 3592 claims against the archbishop's estate have been filed, aggregating $3,651,343.

The negotiations between the Vatican and the German government are still without result, though both parties profess a wish to establish peace. The clergy of Germany have been directed by the Pope to pursue a conciliatory policy. The May laws are still the obstacle to a settlement, and so far Germany is resolved to adhere to them. BISMARCK has proposed a treaty of peace on the basis of the laws; but LEO XIII. does not agree to this offer.

The assertion of the London *Times* that the evangelical party in the English state Church has declined during the last fifty years is controverted by Dean CLOSE and Canon RYLE. Dean CLOSE estimates that evangelical doctrines are preached in five times as many pulpits of the English Church as fifty years ago, that ten times as many pulpits in the large towns are occupied by evangelical clergymen as were occupied by evangelicals fifty years ago, and that the evangelical charitable societies are the largest and richest of the Church of England. The *Times* so far modifies its first statements as to say that *as a party* the evangelicals are less conspicuous than they were formerly, but that their doctrines have penetrated the Church, and are now preached by many clergymen who would not acknowledge themselves to be of the evangelical school.

The debt of the American Home Missionary Society (Congregational), which has for two years been a serious embarrassment to the managers, is now paid. The unusual contribution of $41,120 in January cancelled it. The debt of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board was, on February 1, $182,876. The cost of administration incurred by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, which disburses annually over $450,000, is only four and one-quarter per cent.

The Girton College for women, at Cambridge, has succeeded so well that another residence hall for women will be opened there. Girton has been twice enlarged; the sum of £10,000 will be needed for the new building, of which £3000 has already been procured.

Another judgment has been given in England, under the "Public Worship Regulation Act," by Lord PENZANCE. The complaint was against the Rev. T. PELHAM DALE, the rector of St. Vedast's, London. The judge held that the charges of the "use of lighted candles, bowing and bending during the prayer of consecration, mixing water with the wine, and elevating the bread and the wine in an unauthorized manner, were proved," and that all these acts were unlawful. He also pronounced to be illegal the singing of the "Agnus Dei," the wearing of the berretta, the eastward position at the communion table, the tolling of the bell during service, and the elevation of the alms. Mr. DALE was accordingly admonished; he was not, however, personally present to hear the admonition. Lord PENZANCE spoke strongly of the unseemly efforts made by Mr. DALE to avoid the service of any notice upon him. On one occasion he had run down a narrow flight of stairs into the basement of his house as soon as he caught sight of an officer of the court.

The Rev. Dr. SANDFORD HUNT was, on March 3, elected successor to the late Rev. Dr. NELSON as one of the agents of the Methodist Episcopal publishing house. Dr. HUNT is a graduate of Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, and author of a volume on the *Laws Relating to Religious Corporations*. Mr. J. M. PHILLIPS by this change becomes the senior agent; he is the first layman ever elected to take charge of Methodist publishing interests, and was also the first layman ever elected as one of the secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference. These are results of the adoption of lay delegation by that denomination in 1872.

THE first service in Father HYACINTHE's chapel, at No. 7 Rue Rocheouart, Paris, was attended by an unruly crowd of a very mixed character. Many of the men wore their hats while waiting for the opening exercises; conversation went on without restraint until the preacher entered. He was dressed in the usual garb of a Catholic priest. The table or altar was covered with a white cloth, on which were lighted candles, a crucifix, and an open Bible. Most of the liturgical service was omitted, the assistant expected not having arrived. Father HYACINTHE announced that his work was under the direction of the Anglican Church, as represented by the Primus of Scotland and the Bishop of Edinburgh; he acknowledged himself to be also under the jurisdiction of Bishop HERZOG, of Switzerland. He disclaimed, however, being an Anglican, but declared that he would continue a Catholic of the Church of France. He stated, also, that when his preparations were complete, the form of worship in his chapel would not differ materially from that usual in Roman Catholic churches.

The present government of France accords to Father HYACINTHE full liberty of speech. Efforts were made to prevent his securing the needed authorization, but they happily failed.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ON the seventy-second birthday of the poet Longfellow he was the surprised and gratified recipient of a graceful testimonial of regard from the children of Cambridge. Several years ago, in widening the streets of the city, it became necessary to remove the old horse-chestnut-tree in whose shade stood the "smithy" celebrated in "The Village Blacksmith." An elaborately carved chair was made from a portion of this tree, and was sent to the residence of the poet on the morning of his birthday. Beneath the cushion, on a brass plate, is the following inscription:

To
THE AUTHOR
of
"The Village Blacksmith"
this chair, made from the wood of the spreading
chestnut-tree,
is presented as
an expression of grateful regard and veneration
by
the children of Cambridge,
who, with their friends, join in best wishes and
congratulations
on
this anniversary,
February 27, 1879.

The appearance of the chair suggests solidity and comfort. The color is a dead black—an effect produced by ebonizing the wood. The partial upholstering is in green leather. An exquisite piece of carving, consisting of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms, is on the back of the chair, and horse-chestnut leaves and burs are variously combined at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines from the poem:

"And children, coming home from school
Look in at the open door....
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

Four Italian boys—slaves would be the proper word to describe their condition—were recently rescued by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children from a notorious padrone named Giovanni Romagnano, by whom they were held in bondage. The lads were between the ages of twelve and sixteen, and were born in Southern Italy. A large sum of money was found upon the person of the padrone, from which, at the trial, fifty dollars were ordered to be devoted to the benefit of each one of the children, who are to be sent back to their native land.

The just sentence of twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison has been passed upon the ruffian who recently robbed a lady of a diamond ear-ring while she was walking on Fifth Avenue. The confederate of the robber will soon be tried.

Rubinstein, now in Dresden, is under treatment by an oculist, as he is threatened with total blindness. But his memory is so wonderful and his ear so accurate that even should that misfortune happen, it will interfere very slightly, possibly not at all, with his musical performances.

The burning of infected houses in the plague districts of Russia has begun in earnest; but most of the houses of the Russian peasants are mere shanties, and it is also likely that the inhabitants will be indemnified by public subscriptions or by the government.

Fishing on the Saginaw Bay (Michigan) is a novel and picturesque business. There are now something like seven hundred buildings on the ice, forming quite a city, where active operations are going on. These buildings are nearly of uniform size—about four by eight feet—cheaply made, but warm, with all necessary conveniences for the occupant to cook his frugal meal. In the floor of his shanty is a trap-door, and beneath, a hole in the ice; and through this the fisherman dangles his line, and catches pike, pickerel, and other fish. To the line a herring is fastened as a decoy, and the victim being lured sufficiently near, is quickly pierced with a spear.

The old Stevens mansion at Shrewsbury, New Jersey, is demolished. For the last three years this ancient building, which was erected in some obscure age, has been given over to rats and tramps, thereby causing much disquietude to the good people of the neighborhood. So it was doomed to destruction. This venerable house is said to be remarkable in that no person has ever seen a ghost through the broken windows!

A young American, Mr. Swift Johnson, has obtained a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, but being a foreigner, his right to it is disputed, and the matter is to be argued before the university authorities.

A photographic picture, taken at midnight, of the room in the mill at Willimantic, Connecticut, in which the electric light is used, is said to be clear and distinct.

"Railroad schools" to the number of about twenty have been in existence in Russia for a few years past, and about twenty more are soon to be established. The engines of railroads and steamers and also machinery of factories in that country have hitherto chiefly been in the charge of foreigners, and the government established these schools for the education of Russians to fill these important positions. The students each choose a specialty, and the full course occupies four years.

King Humbert has devoted a special room at the Quirinal for the preservation of the votive crowns offered to his father's memory by Italians in all parts of the world.

It is reported that at the recent state dinner given at the Executive Mansion in Washington the guests and Mrs. Hayes discoursed with great good nature on the absence of wine from the table. A witty Senator remarked: "I did not know dinner could be so delightful without wine. In fact, I never knew before that water was so good."

Investigation shows that the cattle disease is confined in this country entirely to the sea-board, and is not found west of the Alleghanies.

About 50,000 persons are annually discharged from the institutions under the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction in New York city, and deposited at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River. In the immediate vicinity there are between thirty and forty liquor saloons, offering attractions totally beyond the power of many of these poor creatures to resist. A large proportion of these persons are convalescents from the hospitals, exhausted by suffering, and requiring nourishment and craving stimulants. The result is that many are returned almost immediately, not to the hospital wards, but to the restraints of some asylum; and thus confirmed paupers live upon the city's charities. With the desire to substitute for intoxicating liquors a safe and attractive stimulus, the managers of the New York Bible and Fruit Mission to our Public Hospitals have determined to erect a coffee-house for the especial use of those who are discharged from the public institutions just mentioned. Only a simple bill of fare will be supplied, no dish costing over five cents; but every thing will be of the best quality, and attractively served. About eight thousand dollars will be required for the building. Several philanthropic ladies and gentlemen have generously responded to the appeal made some time ago for funds, but further subscriptions are earnestly solicited. Donations may be sent to either of the following addresses: Mr. William F. Mott, No. 83 Irving Place; Rev. Dr. Dyer, No. 2 Bible House; Mr. T. P. Cummings, No. 241 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Crosby, No. 116 East Nineteenth Street; Mr. D. Colden Murray, No. 62 South Street; Mr. James Talcott, No. 108 Franklin Street; Mr. R. R. M'Burney, Young Men's Christian Association; or to any of the managers of the Bible and Fruit Mission.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AND still the missionary cause waxes stronger. New Bedford has a clever young lady worth a million dollars, and "of a rather pious turn of mind," who made up that mind that she would be a missionary. Could any thing be more beautiful? The church accepted her services, and when asked what field of labor she had in view, she pensively looked down at her lavender gloves and replied: "I think I will go to Paris."

A woman in New York says that when her husband is a little drunk he kicks her, and that when he is very drunk she kicks him; and she adds that she does most of the kicking.

"Mischief, thou art a foot!" exclaimed the man of many corns.

Although the Princess Louise has been married over two years she is still very fond of her opera-glass. She loves her Lorne yet.

An obliging spirit prompted the Jersey farmer who put a two-pound whetstone in every turkey he sent to the New York market. He knew the buyers would find the stones indispensable when it came to carving the fowls.

"Come, now, stupid," said the school-master, "you don't know how much two and five make. Now listen. In one pocket I have two dollars and in the other five dollars. Now how many dollars have I got?" "Let me see them, and I will tell you." School was dismissed.

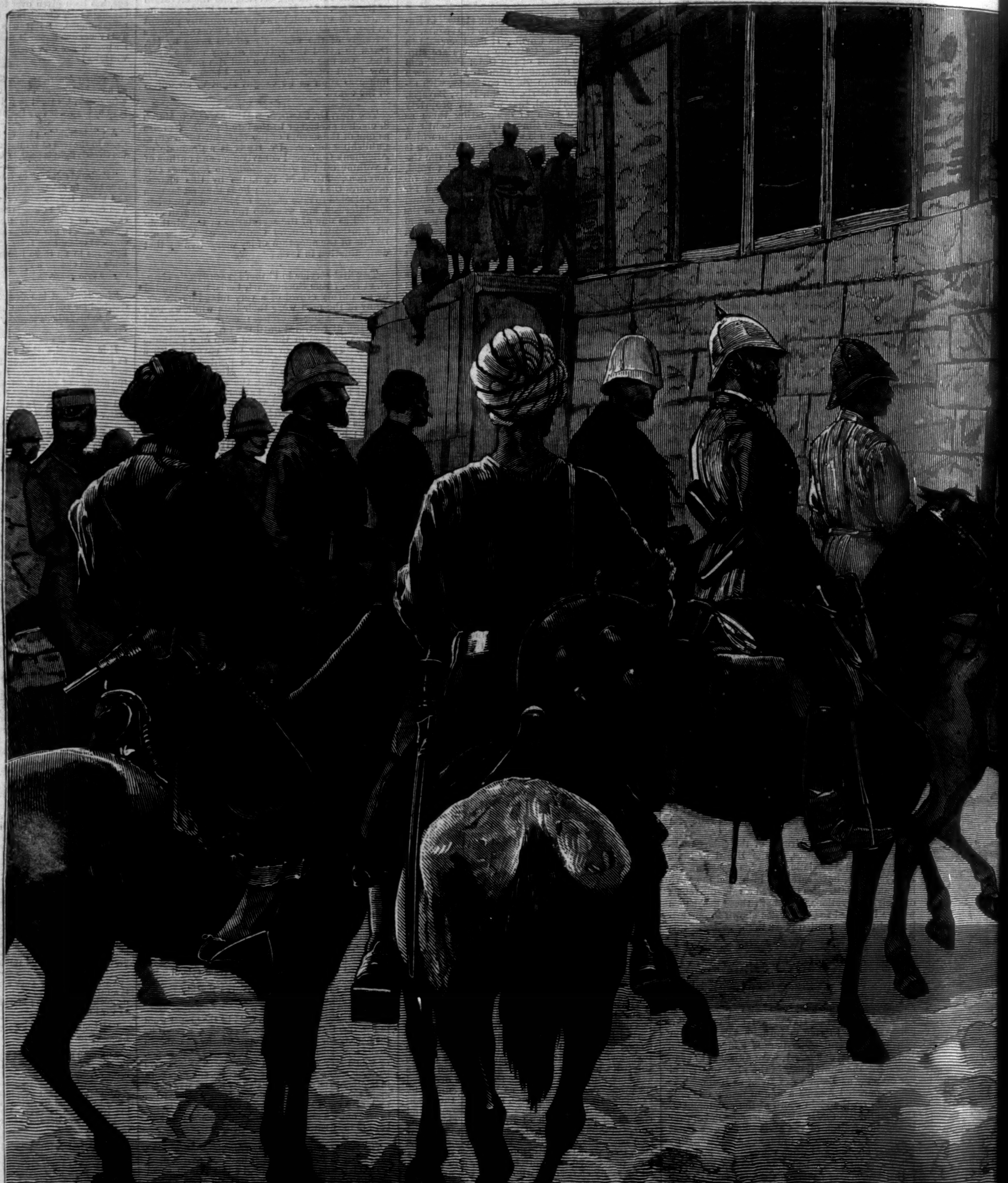
"What is the usual definition of conscience?" asked a man of his pastor. "A man's rule for his neighbor's conduct is about the way it comes out practically," was the reply.

"We are going out with the tied," said a young man to a friend, as he filed down the church aisle after a wedding. "In that case," said a lady in front, "you can afford to get off my train." And he did.

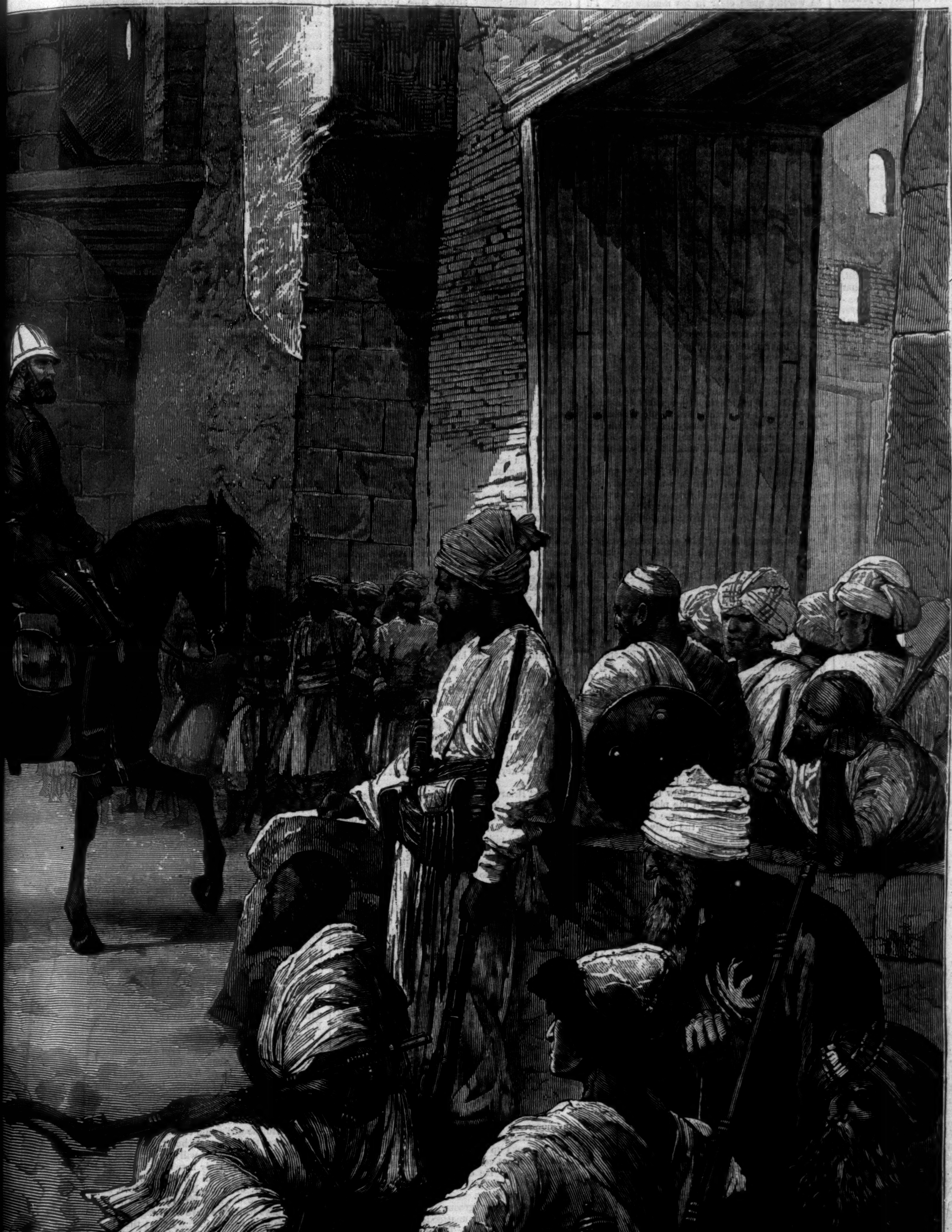
"Have your baggage checked?" cried the man with the brasses. Said Mr. Carefulman, quietly, "If it is just the same to you, Sir, wouldn't you put a check on the gentleman who handles the baggage?"

When we humans are asked for a dollar to help bury a poor fellow, we shell out immediately; but there are those among us who would not give the dollar to the poor fellow before he died.

"But you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son—"you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear—so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."



THE AFGHAN WAR—ENTRY OF GENERAL SIR S



R S UEL BROWNE INTO JELALABAD.—[See Page 227.]

TO MODJESKA IN THE SOUTH.

How shall we thank thee for the happy hours
Which thou art weaving into our sad days,
Like threads of gold in tapestry, or rays
Of color on the petals of pale flowers?
Thou comest to a land still wet with showers
Of tears, that fell along our woful ways
When Pestilence crowned Death with kingly bays,
And maddened Anguish mocked the heavenly powers!

But thou, Modjeska, great as thou art fair,
Dost bring to those who mourn undreamed delight;
And as a lily locked in amber rare
Untouched by tempests and secure from blight,
So thou art shrined from lesser ones apart,
Deep in the golden cloisters of the heart.

Memphis. SHERWOOD BONNER.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE horses had been littered down for the night, and the stable-yard was empty. The faithful Bates, who was usually to be found at this hour smoking his evening pipe on a stone bench beside the stable pump, was nowhere in sight. Vixen went into Arion's loose box, where that animal was nibbling clover lazily, standing knee-deep in freshly spread straw, his fine legs carefully bandaged. He gave his mistress the usual grunt of friendly greeting, allowed her to feed him with the choicest bits of clover, and licked her hands in token of gratitude.

"I don't think you're any the worse for our canter over the grass, old pet," she cried, cheerily, as she caressed his sleek head, "and Captain Carmichael's black looks can't hurt you."

As she left the stable she saw Bates, who was walking slowly across the court-yard, wiping his honest old eyes with the cuff of his drab coat, and hanging his grizzled head dejectedly.

Vixen ran to him with her cheeks aflame, divining mischief. The captain had been wreaking his spite upon this lowly head.

"What's the matter, Bates?"

"I've lived in this house, Miss Voylet, man and boy, forty year come Michaelmas, and I've never wronged my master by so much as the worth of a handful o' wuts or a carriage candle. I was stable-boy in your grandfeyther's time, miss, as is well beknown to you; and I remember your feyther when he was the finest and handsomest young squire within fifty mile. I've loved you and yours better than I ever loved my own flesh and blood; and to go and pluck me up by the roots and chuck me out amongst strangers in my old age is crueler than it would be to tear up the old cedar on the lawn, which I've heard Joe the gardener say be as old as the days when such like trees was fust beknown in England. It's crueler, Miss Voylet, for the cedar ain't got no feelings; but I feel it down to the deepest fibres in me. The lawn ud look ugly and empty without the cedar, and mayhap nobody 'll miss me; but I've got the heart of a man, miss, and it bleeds."

Poor Bates relieved his wounded feelings with this burst of eloquence. He was a man who, although silent in his normal condition, had a great deal to say when he felt aggrieved. In his present state of mind, his only solace was in many words.

"I don't know what you mean, Bates," cried Vixen, very pale now, divining the truth in part, if not wholly. "Don't cry, dear old fellow; it's too dreadful to see you. You don't mean—you can't mean—that—my mother has sent you away?"

"Not your ma, miss, bless her heart! She wouldn't sack the servant that saddled her husband's horse, fair weather and foul, for twenty year. No, Miss Voylet, it's Captain Carmichael that's given me the sack. He's master here now, you know, miss."

"But for what reason? What have you done to offend him?"

"Ah, miss, there's the hardship of it! He's turned me off at a minute's notice, and without a character too. That's hard, ain't it, miss? Forty year in one service, and to leave without a character at last! That do cut a old feller to the quick."

"Why don't you tell me the reason, Bates? Captain Carmichael must have given you his reason for such a cruel act."

"He did, miss; but I ain't going to tell you."

"Why not, in goodness' name?"

"Because it's an insult to you, Miss Voylet; and I'm not going to insult my old master's granddaughter. If I didn't love you for your own sake—and I do dearly love you, miss, if you'll excuse the liberty—I'm bound to love you for the sake of your grandfeyther. He was my first master, and a kind one. He gave me my first pair o' tops. Lor, miss, I can call to mind the day as well as if it was yesterday. Didn't I fancy myself a buck in 'em!"

Bates grinned and sparkled at the thought of those first top-boots. His poor old eyes, dim with years of long service, twinkled with the memory of those departed vanities.

"Bates," cried Vixen, looking at him resolutely, "I insist upon knowing what reason Captain Carmichael alleged for sending you away."

"He didn't allege nothing, miss; and I ain't a-going to tell you what he said."

"But you must. I order you to tell me. You are still my servant, remember. You have always been a faithful servant, and I am sure you won't disobey me at the last. I insist upon knowing what Captain Carmichael said; however insulting his words may have been to me, they will not surprise me or wound me much. There is no love lost between him and me I think everybody knows that. Don't be afraid of giving me pain, Bates. Nothing the captain could say would do that. I despise him too much."

"I'm right down glad o' that, miss. Go on a-despising of him. You can't give it him as thick as he deserves."

"Now, Bates, what did he say?"

"He said I was a old fool, miss, or a old rogue, he weren't quite clear in his mind which. I'd been actin' as go-between with you and Mr. Vawdrey, encouragin' of you to meet the young gentleman in your rides, and never givin' the cap'en warnin', as your step-feyther, of what was goin' on behind his back. He said it was shameful, and you was makin' yourself the talk of the county, and I was no better than I should be for aidin' and abettin' of you in disgracin' yourself. And then I blazed up a bit, miss, and maybe I cheeked him; and then he turned upon me sharp and short, and told me to get out of the house this night, bag and baggage, and never to apply to him for a character; and then he counted out my wages on the table, miss, up to this evening, exact to a half-penny, by way of showing me that he meant business, perhaps. But I came away and left his brass upon the table, staring him in the face. I ain't no pauper, praise be to God! I've had a good place, and I've saved money, and I needn't lower myself by taking his dirty halfpence."

"And you're going away, Bates, to-night?" exclaimed Vixen, hardly able to realize this calamity.

That Captain Carmichael should have spoken insultingly of her and of Rorie touched her but lightly. She had spoken truly just now when she said that she scorned him too much to be easily wounded by his insolence. But that he should dismiss her father's old servant as he had sold her father's old horse; that this good old man, who had grown from boyhood to age under her ancestral roof, who remembered her father in the bloom and glory of early youth; that this faithful servant should be thrust out at the bidding of an interloper—a paltry schemer, who, in Vixen's estimation, had been actuated by the basest and most mercenary motives when he married her mother—that these things should be, moved Violet Tempest with an overwhelming anger.

She kept her passion under, so far as to speak very calmly to Bates. Her face was white with suppressed rage, her great brown eyes shone with angry fire, her lips quivered as she spoke, and the rings on one clinched hand were ground into the flesh of the slender fingers.

"Never mind, Bates," she said, very gently; "I'll get you a good place before ten o'clock to-night. Pack up your clothes, and be ready to go where I tell you two hours hence. But first saddle Arion."

"Bless yer heart, Miss Voylet, you're not going out riding this evening? Arion's done a long day's work."

"I know that; but he's fresh enough to do as much more—I've just been looking at him. Saddle him at once, and keep him ready in his stable till I come for him. Don't argue, Bates. If I knew that I were going to ride him to death, I should ride him to-night all the same. You are dismissed without a character, are you?" cried Vixen, laughing bitterly. "Never mind, Bates, I'll give you a character, and I'll get you a place."

She ran lightly off, and was gone, while Bates stood stock-still, wondering at her. There never was such a young lady. What was there in life that he would not have done for her—were it to the shedding of blood? And to think that he was no more to serve and follow her—no longer to jog contentedly through the pine-scented forest, watching the meteoric course of that graceful figure in front of him, the lively young horse curbed by the light and dexterous hand, the ruddy brown hair glittering in the sunlight, the flexible form moving in unison with every motion of the horse that carried it! There could be no deeper image of desolation in Bates's mind than the idea that this rider and this horse were to be henceforth severed from his existence. What had he in life save the familiar things and faces among which he had grown from youth to age? Separate him from these beloved surroundings, and he had no stand-point in the universe. The reason of his being would be gone. Bates was as strictly local in his ideas as the zoophyte which has clung all its life to one rock.

He went to the harness-room for Miss Tempest's well-worn saddle, and brought Arion out of his snug box, and wisped him and combed him, and blacked his shoes, and made him altogether lovely—a process to which the intelligent animal was inclined to take objection, the hour being unseemly and unusual. Poor Bates sighed over his task, and brushed away more than one silent tear with the back of the dandy-brush. It was kind of Miss Violet to think about getting him a place, but he had no heart for going into a new service. He would rather have taken a room in one of the Beechdale cottages, and have dragged out the remnant of his days within sight of the chimney-stacks beneath which he had slept for forty years. He had money in the bank that would last until his lees of life were spilled, and then he would be buried in the church-yard he had crossed every Sunday of his life on his way to morning service. His kindred were all dead or distant—the nearest, a married niece, settled at Romsey, which good old humdrum market-town was—except once a week or so by carrier's cart—almost as unapproachable as the Bermudas. He was not going to migrate to Romsey for the sake of a married niece, when he could stop at Beechdale, and see the gables and chimneys of the home from which stern fate had banished him.

He had scarcely finished Arion's toilet when Miss Tempest opened the stable door and looked in, ready to mount. She had her hunting-crop, with the strong horn hook for opening gates, her short habit, and looked altogether ready for business.

"Hadn't I better come with you, miss?" Bates asked, as he lifted her into her saddle.

"No, Bates. You are dismissed, you know. It wouldn't do for you to take one of Captain Carmichael's horses. He might have you sent to prison for horse-stealing."

"Lord, miss, so he might!" said Bates, grinning. "I reckon he's capable of it. But I cheeked him pretty strong, Miss Voylet. The thought o' that 'll always be a comfort to me. You wouldn't ha' knowed me for your feyther's old sarvant if you'd heard me. I felt as if Satan had got hold o' my tongue, and was wagging it for me, the words came so pat. It seemed as if I'd got all the dictionary at the tip of my poor old tongue."

"Open the gate," said Vixen. "I am going out by the wilderness."

Bates opened the gate under the old brick archway, and Vixen rode slowly away, by unfrequented thickets of rhododendron and arbutus, holly and laurel, with a tall mountain ash or a stately deodora rising up among them here and there, dark against the opal evening sky.

It was a lovely evening. The crescent moon rode high above the tree-tops; the sunset was still red in the west. The secret depths of the wood gave forth their subtle perfume in the cool, calm air. The birds were singing in suppressed and secret tones among the low branches. Now and then a bat skimmed across the open glade, and melted into the woodland darkness, or a rabbit flitted past, gray and ghost-like. It was an hour when the woods assumed an awful beauty. Not to meet ghosts seemed stranger than to meet them. The shadows of the dead would have been in harmony with the mystic loveliness of this green solitude—a world remote from the track of men.

Even to-night, though her heart was swelling with indignant pain, Violet felt all the beauty of these familiar scenes. They were a part of her life, and so long as she lived she must love and rejoice in them. To-night as she rode quietly along, careful not to hurry Arion after his long day's work, she looked around her with eyes full of deep love and melancholy yearning. It seemed to her to-night that out of all that had been sweet and lovely in her life only these forest scenes remained. Humanity had not been kind to her. The dear father had been snatched away just when she had grown to the height of his stout heart, and had fullest comprehension of his love, and greatest need of his protection. Her mother was a gentle, smiling puppet, to whom it were vain to appeal in her necessities. Her mother's husband was an implacable enemy. Rorie, the friend of her childhood—who might have been so much—had given himself to another. She was quite alone.

"The charcoal-burner in Mark Ash is not so solitary as I am," thought Vixen, bitterly. "Charcoal-burning is only part of his life. He has his wife and children in his cottage at home."

By-and-by she came out of the winding forest ways into the straight high-road that led to Briarwood; and now she put her horse at a smart trot, for it was growing dark already, and she calculated that it must be nearly eleven o'clock before she could accomplish what she had to do and get back to the Abbey House. And at eleven doors were locked for the night, and Captain Carmichael made a circuit of inspection as severely as the keeper of a prison. What would be said if she should not get home till after the gates were locked, and the keys delivered over to that stern janitor?

At last Briarwood came in sight above the dark clumps of beech and oak—a white portico, shining lamp-lit windows. The lodge-gate stood hospitably open, and Violet rode in without question, and up to the pillared porch.

Roderick Vawdrey was standing in the porch, smoking. He threw away his cigar as Vixen rode up, and ran down the steps to receive her.

"Why, Violet, what has happened?" he asked, with an alarmed look.

It seemed to him that only sudden death or dire calamity could bring her to him thus, in the late gloaming, pale, and deeply moved. Her lips trembled faintly as she looked at him, and for the moment she could find no words to tell her trouble.

"What is it, Violet?" he asked again, holding her gloved hand in his, and looking up at her, full of sympathy and concern.

"Not very much, perhaps, in your idea of things, but it seems a great deal to me. And it has put me into a tremendous passion. I have come to ask you to do me a favor."

"A thousand favors if you like; and when they are all granted, the obligation shall be still on my side. But come into the drawing-room and rest, and let me get you some tea—lemonade—wine—something to refresh you after your long ride."

"Nothing, thanks. I am not going to get off my horse. I must not lose a moment. Why, it must be long after nine already, and Captain Carmichael locks up the house at eleven."

Rorie did not care to tell her that it was on the stroke of ten. He called in a stentorian voice for a servant, and told the man to get Blue Peter saddled that instant.

"Where's your groom, Violet?" he asked, wondering to see her unattended.

"I have no groom. That's just what I came to tell you. Captain Carmichael has dismissed Bates, at a minute's warning, without a character."

"Dismissed old Bates, your father's faithful servant! But in Heaven's name what for?"

"I would rather not tell you that. The alleged reason is an insult to me. I can tell you that it is not for dishonesty, or lying, or drunkenness, or insolence, or any act that a good servant need be ashamed of. The poor old man is cast off for a fault of mine—or for an act of mine, which Captain Carmichael pleases to condemn. He is thrust out of doors, homeless, without a character, after forty years of faithful service. He was with my grandfather, you know. Now, Rorie, I want you to take Bates into your service. He is not so ornamental as a young man, perhaps, but he is ever so much more useful. He is faithful and industrious, honest and true. He is a capital nurse for sick horses; and I have heard my dear father say that he knows more than the common run of veterinary surgeons. I don't think you would find him an incumbrance. Now, dear Rorie," she concluded, coaxingly, with innocent childish entreaty, almost as if they had still been children and playfellows, "I want you to do this for me—I want you to take Bates."

"Why, you dear simple-minded baby, I would take a regiment of Bateses for your sake. Why, this is not a favor—"

"'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,'" cried Vixen, quoting Desdemona's speech to her general.

Rorie's ready promise had revived her spirits. She felt that, after all, there was such a thing as friendship in the world. Life was not altogether blank and dreary. She forgot that her old friend had given himself away to another woman. She had a knack of forgetting that little fact when she and Rorie were together. It was only in her hours of solitude that the circumstance presented itself distinctly to her mind.

"I am so grateful to you for this, Rorie," she cried. "I can not tell you what a load you have taken off my mind. I felt sure you would do me this favor. And yet, if you had said No! It would have been too dreadful to think of. Poor old Bates loafing about Beechdale, living upon his savings! I shall be able to pension him by-and-by, when I am of age; but now I have only a few pounds in the world, the remains of a quarter's pocket-money, according to the view and allowance of the forester," added Vixen, quoting the Forest law, with a little mocking laugh. "And now good-night; I must go home as fast as I can."

"So you must, but I am coming with you," answered Rorie; and then he roared again in his stentorian voice in the direction of the stables: "Where's that Blue Peter?"

"Indeed, there is no reason for you to come," cried Vixen. "I know every inch of the Forest."

"Very likely; but I am coming with you all the same."

A groom led out Blue Peter—a strong, useful-looking hack, which Mr. Vawdrey kept to do his dirty work: hunting in bad weather, night-work, and extra journeys of all kinds. Rorie was in the saddle and by Vixen's side without a minute's lost time, and they were riding out of the grounds into the straight road.

They rode for a considerable time in silence. Vixen had seldom seen her old friend so thoughtful. The night deepened; the stars shone out of the clear heaven, at first one by one, and then suddenly in a multitude that no tongue could number. The leaves whispered and rustled with faint mysterious noises, as Violet and her companion rode slowly down the long steep hill.

"What a beast that Carmichael is!" said Rorie, when they got to the bottom of the hill, as if he had been all this time arriving at an opinion about Violet's step-father. "I'm afraid he must make your life miserable."

"He doesn't make it particularly happy," answered Vixen, quietly; "but I never expected to be happy after mamma married. I did not think there was much happiness left for me after my father's death; but there was at least peace. Captain Carmichael has made an end of that."

"He is a wretch, and I should like to shoot him," said Rorie, vindictively. "Dear little Vixen—yes, I must call you by the old pet name—to think that you should be miserable, you whom I remember so bright and happy, you who were born for happiness! But you are not always wretched, dear," he said, leaning over to speak to her in closer, more confidential tones, as if the sleepy birds and the whispering forest leaves could hear and betray him. "You were happy—we were happy—this morning."

He had laid his hand on hers. That useful Blue Peter needed no guidance. They were just leaving the road, and entering a long glade that led through a newly opened fir plantation—a straight ride of a mile and a half or so. The young moon was gleaming cool and clear above the feathering points of the firs.

"Yes," she answered, recklessly, involuntarily, with a stifled sob, "I am always happy with you. You are all that remains to me of my old life."

"My dearest, my loveliest, then be happy forever!" he cried, winding his arm round her slim waist, and leaning over her till his head almost rested on her shoulder. Their horses were close together, walking at a foot-pace, Blue Peter in no wise disconcerted by this extraordinary behavior of his rider. "My love, if you can be happy at so small a price, be happy always!" said Rorie, his lips close to the girl's pale cheek, his arm feeling every beat of the passionate heart. "I will break the toils that bind me. I will be yours, and yours only. I have never truly loved any one but you, and I have loved you all my life—I never knew how dearly till of late. No, dearest love, never did I know how utterly I loved you till these last summer days which we have lived together, alone and supremely happy, in the Forest that is our native land. My Violet, I will break with Mabel to-morrow. She and I were never made for one another. You and I were. Yes, love, yes: we have grown up together side by side, like the primroses and violets in the woods. It is my second nature to love you. Why should we be parted? Why should I go on acting a dismal farce, pretending love to Mabel, pretending friendship for you—alike false to both? There is no reason, Violet, none—except—"

"Except your promise to your dying mother," said Violet, escaping from his arm, and looking at him steadily, bravely, through the dim light. "You shall not break that for my sake—you ought not, were I ten times a better woman than I am. No, Rorie, you are to do your duty and keep your word. You are to marry Lady Mabel, and be happy ever after, like the prince in a fairy tale. Depend upon it, happiness always comes in the long-run to the man who does his duty."

"I don't believe it," cried Roderick, passionately; "I have seen men who have done right all through life—men who have sacrificed feeling to honor, and been miserable. Why should I imitate them? I love you. I loved you always; but my mother worried and teased me, vaunting Mabel's perfections, trying to lessen you in my esteem. And then, when she was dying, and it seemed a hard thing to oppose her wishes or to refuse her any thing, were it even the happiness of my life, I was weak, and let myself be persuaded, and sold myself into bondage. But it is not too late, Violet. I will write Mabel an honest letter to-morrow, and tell her the truth for the first time in my life."

"You will do nothing of the kind," cried Violet, resolutely. "What, do you think I have no pride, no sense of honor? Do you think I would let it be said of me that I, knowing you to be engaged to your cousin, set myself to lure you away from her; and that the end of all was that you broke your faith to your promised wife in order to marry me? No, Rorie, that shall never be said. If I could stoop so low, I should be worthy of the worst word my mother's husband could say of me."

"What does it matter what people say—your mother's husband above all? Malice can always find something evil to say of us, let us shape our lives how we may. What really matters is that we should be happy; and I can be happy with no one but you, Violet. I know that now. I will never marry Mabel Ashbourne."

"And you will never marry me," answered Vixen, giving Arion a light touch of her whip, which sent him flying along the shadowy ride.

Blue Peter followed as swiftly. Rorie was by Violet's side again in a minute, with his hand grasping hers.

"You mean that you don't love me?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Why could you not have said so at the first; why have you let me live in a fool's paradise?"

"The paradise was of your own making," she answered. "I love you a little for the past, because my father loved you—because you are all that remains to me of my happy childhood. Yes, if it were not for you, I might look back and think those dear old days were only a dream. But I hear your voice, I look at you, and know that you are real, and that I once was very happy. Yes, Rorie, I do love you—love you—yes, with all my heart, dearer, better than I have ever loved any one upon this earth since my father was laid in the ground. Yes, dear." Their horses were walking slowly now, and her hand was locked in his as they rode side by side. "Yes, dear, I love you too well, and you and I must part. I had schooled myself to believe that I loved you only as I might have loved a brother; that you could be Lady Mabel's husband and my true friend. But that was a delusion—that can never be. You and I must part, Rorie. This night ride in the forest must be our last. Never any more, by sun or moon, must you and I ride together. It is all over, Rorie, the old childish friendship. I mean to do my duty, and you must do yours."

"I will never marry a woman I do not love."

"You will keep your promise to your mother: you will act as a man of honor should. Think, Rorie, what a shameful thing it would be to do, to break off an engagement which has been so long publicly known, to wound and grieve your good aunt and uncle."

"They have been very kind to me," sighed Rorie. "It would hurt me to give them pain."

His conscience told him she was right, but he was angry with her for being so much wiser than himself.

Then, in a moment, love—that had slumbered long, idly happy in the company of the beloved, and had suddenly awakened to know that this summer-day idlesse meant a passion stronger than death—love got the better of conscience, and he cried, vehemently:

"What need I care for the duke and duchess? They can have their choice of husbands for their daughter; an heiress like Mabel has only to smile, and a man is at her feet. Why should I sacrifice myself, love, truth, all that makes life worth having? Do you think I would do it for the sake of Ashbourne, and the honor of being a duke's son-in-law?"

"No, Rorie, but for the sake of your promise. And now look, there is Lyndhurst steeple above the woods. I am near home, and we must say good-night."

"Not till you are at your own gate."

"No one must see you. I want to ride in quietly by the stables. Don't think I am ashamed of my errand to-night. I am not; but I want to save my mother trouble, and if Captain Carmichael and I were to discuss the matter, there would be a disturbance."

Roderick Vawdrey seized Arion by the bridle.

"I shall not let you go so easily," he said, resolutely. "Vixen, I have loved you ever since I can remember you. Will you be my wife?"

"No."

"Why did you say that you love me?"

"Because I can not tell a lie. Yes, I love you, Rorie; but I love your honor and my own better than the chance of a happiness that might fade and wither before we could grasp it. I know that your mother had a very poor opinion of me while she was alive: I should like her to know, if the dead know any thing, that she was mistaken, and that I am not quite unworthy of her respect. You will marry Lady Mabel Ashbourne, Rorie; and ten years hence, when we are sober middle-aged people, we shall be firm friends once again, and you will thank and praise me for having counselled you to cleave to the right. Let go the bridle, Rorie; there's no time to lose. There's a glorious gallop from Queen's Bower to the Christchurch Road."

It was a long grassy ride, safe only for those who knew the country well, for it was bordered on each side by treacherous bogs. Violet knew every inch of the way. Arion scented his stable afar off, and went like the wind; Blue Peter stretched his muscular limbs in pursuit. It was a wild ride along the grassy track, beside watery marshes and reedy pools that gleamed in the dim light of a new moon. The distant woods showed black against the sky. There was no light to mark a human habitation within ken. There was nothing but night and loneliness and the solemn beauty of an unpeopled waste. A forest pony stood here and there—pastern-deep in the sedges—and gazed at those two wild riders, grave and gray, like a ghost. A silvery snake glided across the track; a water-rat plunged, with a heavy splash, into a black pool as the horses galloped by. It was a glorious ride. Miserable as both riders were, they could not but enjoy that wild rush through the sweet soft air, under the silent stars.

Vixen gave a long sigh presently, when they pulled up their horses on the hard road.

"I think I am 'fey' now," she said. "I wonder what is going to happen to me?"

"Whatever misfortunes come to you henceforth will be your own fault," protested Rorie, savagely. "You won't be happy or make me so."

"Don't be angry with me, Rorie," she answered, quite meekly. "I would rather be miserable in my own way than happy in yours."

Ten minutes later they were at the lodge leading to the stables. The gate was locked, the cottage wrapped in darkness.

"I must go in by the carriage drive," said Vixen. "It's rather a bore, as I am pretty sure to meet Captain Carmichael. But it can't be helped."

"Let me go in with you."

"No, Rorie; that would do no good. If he insulted me before you, his insolence would pain me."

"And I believe I should pain him," said Rorie. "I should give him the sweetest horsewhipping he ever had in his life."

"That is to say, you would bring disgrace upon me, and make my mother miserable. That's a man's idea of kindness. No, Rorie, we part here. Good-night, and—good-by."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Rorie. "I shall wait for you all to-morrow morning at the kennels."

Vixen had ridden past the open gate. The lodge-keeper stood at his door waiting for her. Roderick respected her wishes and staid outside.

The hall door was wide open, and Captain Carmichael stood on the threshold, waiting for his step-daughter. One of the underlings from the stable was ready to take her horse. She dismounted unaided, flung the reins to the groom, and walked up to the captain with her firmest step. When she was in the hall he shut the door, and bolted and locked it with a somewhat ostentatious care. She seemed to breathe less freely when that great door had shut out the cool night. She felt as if she were in a jail.

"I should like half a dozen words with you in the drawing-room before you go up stairs," Captain Carmichael said, stiffly.

"A hundred, if you choose," answered Vixen, with supreme coolness.

She followed Captain Carmichael to the drawing-room. Here there was more air; one long window was open, and the lace curtains were faintly stirred by the night winds. A large moderator lamp burned upon Mrs. Carmichael's favorite table—her books and basket of crewels were there, but the lady of the house had retired.

"My mother has gone to bed, I suppose?" inquired Vixen.

"She has gone to her room, but I fear she is too much agitated to get any rest. I would not allow her to wait here any longer for you."

"Is it so very late?" asked Vixen, with the most innocent air.

Her heart was beating violently, and her temper was not at its best. She stood looking at the captain, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, and her whip tightly clinched.

She was thinking of that speech of Rorie's about the "sweetest horsewhipping." She wondered whether Captain Carmichael had ever been horsewhipped; whether that kind of chastisement was numbered in the sum of his experiences. She opined not. The captain was too astute a man to bring himself in the way of such punishment. He would do things that deserved horsewhipping, and get off scot-free.

"It is a quarter past eleven. I don't know whether you think that a respectable hour for a young lady's evening ride. May I ask the motive of this nocturnal expedition?"

"Certainly. You deprived Bates of a comfortable place—he has only been in the situation forty years—and I went to get him another. I am happy to say that I succeeded."

"And pray who is the chivalrous employer willing to receive my dismissed servant without a character?"

"A very old friend of my father's—Mr. Vawdrey."

"I thought as much," retorted the captain. "And it is to Mr. Vawdrey you have been, late at night, unattended?"

"It is your fault that I went unattended. You have taken upon yourself to dismiss my groom—the man who broke my first pony, the man my father gave me for an attendant and protector, just as he gave me my horse. You will take upon yourself to sell my horse next, I suppose?"

"I shall take a great deal more upon myself before you and I have done with each other, Miss Tempest," answered the captain, pale with passion.

Never had Vixen seen him so strongly moved. The purple veins stood out darkly upon his pale forehead, his eyes had a haggard look; he was like a man consumed inwardly by some evil passion that was stronger than himself—like a man possessed by devils. Vixen looked at him with wonder. They stood facing each other, with the lamp-lit table between them, the light shining on both their faces.

"Why do you look at me with that provoking smile?" he asked. "Do you want to exasperate me? You must know that I hate you."

"I do," answered Vixen; "but God only knows why you should do so."

"Do you know no reason?"

"No."

"Can't you guess one?"

"No; unless it is because my father's fortune will belong to me by-and-by, if I live to be five-and-twenty, and your position here will be lessened."

"That is not the reason; no, I am not so base as that. That is not why I hate you, Violet. If you had been some dumpy, homely, country lass, with thick features and a clumsy figure, you and I might have got on decently enough. I would have made you obey me; but I would have been kind to you. But you are something very different. You are the girl I would have perilled my soul to win—the girl who rejected me with careless scorn. Have you forgotten that night in the Pavilion Garden at Brighton? I have not. I never look up at the stars without remembering it, and I can never forgive you while that memory lives in my mind. If you had been my wife, Violet, I would have been your slave. You forced me to make myself your step-father, and I will be master instead of slave. I will make your life bitter to you if you thwart me. I will put a stop to your running after another woman's sweetheart. I will come between you and your lover, Roderick Vawdrey. Your secret meetings, your clandestine love-making, shall be stopped. Such conduct as you have been carrying on of late is a shame and disgrace to your sex."

"How dare you say that?" cried Vixen, beside herself with anger.

She grasped the lamp with both her hands, as if she would have hurled it at her foe. It was a large moon-shaped globe upon a bronze pedestal—a fearful thing to fling at one's adversary. A great wave of blood surged up into the girl's brain. What she was going to do she knew not; but her whole being was convulsed by the passion of that moment. The room reeled before her eyes, the heavy pedestal swayed in her hands, and then she saw the big moon-like globe roll on to the carpet, and after it, and darting beyond it, a stream of liquid fire that ran, and ran, quicker than thought, toward the open window.

Before she could speak or move the flame had run up the lace curtain like a living thing, swift as the flight of a bird or the gliding motion of a lizard. The wide casement was wreathed with light. They two—Vixen and her foe—seemed to be standing in an atmosphere of fire.

Captain Carmichael was confounded by the suddenness of the catastrophe. While he stood dumb, bewildered, Vixen sprang through the narrow space between the flaming curtains, as if she had plunged into a gulf of fire. He heard her strong clear voice calling to the stable-men and gardeners. It rang like a clarion in the still summer night.

There was not a moment lost. The stable-men rushed with pails of water, and directly after them the Scotch gardener with his garden-engine, which held several gallons. His hose did some damage to the drawing-room carpet and upholstery, but the strong jet of water speedily quenched the flames. In ten minutes the window stood blank and black and bare, with Vixen standing on the lawn outside, contemplating the damage she had done.

Mrs. Carmichael rushed in at the drawing-room door, ghost-like, in her white *peignoir*, pale and scared.

"Oh, Conrad, what has happened?" she cried, distractedly, just able to distinguish her husband's figure standing in the midst of the disordered room.

"Your beautiful daughter has been trying to set the house on fire," he answered. "That is all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ALTHOUGH the profits of great aquaria are no longer equal to what they were when first started, yet there seems to be sufficient inducement of a pecuniary nature to increase the number, as we are informed by a recent English journal that what is intended to be the finest and most completely appointed establishment of the kind is now being erected near Birmingham by Mr. J. GARLICK as builder, Messrs. LEETE, EDWARDS, and NORMAN as engineers, Mr. THOMAS NADEN, architect, and Mr. W. A. LLOYD, naturalist. The experience of Mr. LLOYD in the management of the aquaria of Berlin and other places is well known, and his fitness for the task is unquestioned.

It is proposed to use artificial sea-water entirely, experience having shown that this is well adapted to the purpose, and that the longer the same water is used, the better it is for its purposes. About 760,000 gallons of both kinds of water will be used, to be maintained in perpetual circulation without any renewal.

The machinery consists of two steam-engines of five horse-power and one of twenty horse-power. A novelty of this establishment will be in the use of electric light for illumination, for which the twenty horse-power engine will be exclusively employed. This will imitate as nearly as possible the effect of the sun, in being directly from above downward, and will have the effect of exhibiting the marine plants and animals in their natural colors, exactly as seen by day. An interesting question to be solved by such experiments as the present is whether this light has an actinic effect similar to that of sunlight, and whether it will cause decomposition of carbonic acid gas in the submerged vegetation. If this be the effect, entirely new possibilities and expectancies are open for future aquaria.

It is announced that a government aquarium will probably be erected on the west coast of Sweden for the purpose of investigation into the lower marine animals of that country.

The new Birmingham aquarium will probably embrace all the best features of previous enterprises, and furnish excellent suggestions for the aquarium the building of which in the vicinity of New York is talked of. It is said that a wealthy association has been formed, with ample means to erect an establishment equal in capacity and efficiency to any thing yet undertaken on the other side of the water. This is to be conducted on strict scientific principles, and not to be combined, as in the case of the present New York Aquarium, with circus and other exhibitions.

A final and closing meeting of the United States Centennial Commission was held at Philadelphia on the 15th of January of the present year, when the Commission adjourned *sine die*. Such business as remains to be completed is put in the hands of D. J. MORRELL, A. T. GOSHORN, and JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, the principal officers of the Commission and the Board of Finance. Among the business transacted at the meeting was a resolution that the records and archives of the Commission be placed in the custody of the Smithsonian Institution, whenever accommodations can be offered for them.

Commander G. C. MUSTERS, a well-known British discoverer and explorer, died in January last, at a comparatively early age. He is best known in connection with his researches in Patagonia. His work entitled *At Home with the Patagonians* is the best manual of information in regard to that country. More recently he had been engaged in the exploration of Bolivia, and it is understood had nearly completed a work on that country.

The Russian government has lately been looking into the possibility of water communication between the Obi and Yenisei rivers, in view of the industrial importance of a canal connecting the two systems. It is stated as the result of the inquiry that the canal itself will be very short, and that its excavation and the completion of the remaining work will present but slight engineering difficulties, and involve but a moderate expense.

Not long since it was quite authoritatively stated that Professor NORDENSKJÖLD's expedition had been heard from, and that the *Vega* was frozen up on the coast of Siberia inside of Behring Strait. Mr. DALL, of the United States Coast Survey, a gentleman very familiar with the Behring Strait regions, has taken pains to investigate the source of this rumor, and finds there is no ground for it, and that no information has been received from the intrepid explorer from Behring Strait. It is, however, now stated by the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia that this vessel is ice-bound at a point which it is thought is not very distant from Plover Bay, possibly not more than a few days' journey, and that there is no reason to have any fears for the safety of the expedition.

Recent experiments made abroad appear to indicate that soda may be employed with considerable advantage in the purification of iron during the puddling process. It is asserted that the use of this substance just before the metal "comes to nature" effects the removal of silicon, especially from coke irons, and that it also effects to a noticeable degree the elimination of phosphorus and sulphur. On these accounts it is, therefore, claimed that soda may be recommended as an agent by means of which high-grade irons may be successfully made from ordinary pig. The general results here announced have lately been independently observed by Professor T. M. DROWN, of Easton, Pennsylvania, whose paper describing an interesting series of laboratory experiments appeared in a recent issue of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*.

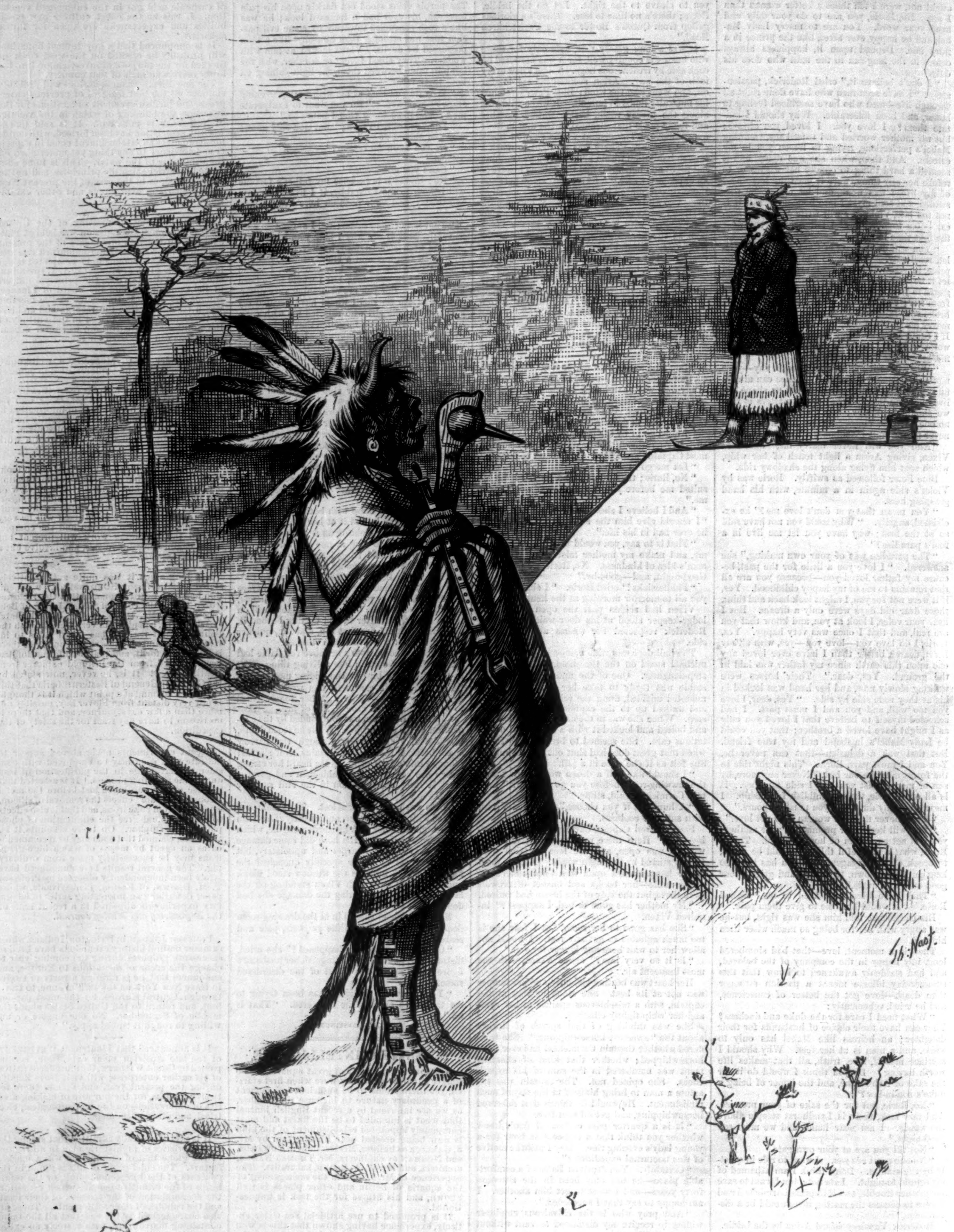
Professor JORDAN, of Irvington, Indiana, whose summer natural history excursions have been so successful, proposes during the coming year to change the scene of operations to Europe, and announces that he is forming a party of twelve to leave New York on the 12th of June, to travel through Central Europe, for the most part on foot, and return to the United States about the middle of September. No one unable or unwilling to rough it "need apply."

It is announced that Lieutenant WEYPRECHT, of the late Austrian polar expedition, accompanied by Count WILCZEK, the munificent patron of his earlier enterprise, will visit Nova Zembla during the present year, and remain there for twelve months, for the purpose of making a series of observations on the meteorological, electrical, and other phenomena.

It is pretty generally admitted that among the characteristics of prehistoric man in all regions of the globe that of cannibalism was a marked feature. The chief proof of this is found in the contents of the kjökkenmödding, or the refuse heaps of the primitive people, which constitute the accumulation of the remains of their feasts and the rubbish of their settlements. These are also characterized by the fact that all the bones containing marrow are, with scarcely an exception, split for the extraction of that substance, and remains unmistakably human are there found subjected to precisely the same treatment, while scores are found marked with cuts, generally from stone knives, where the meat has been extracted.

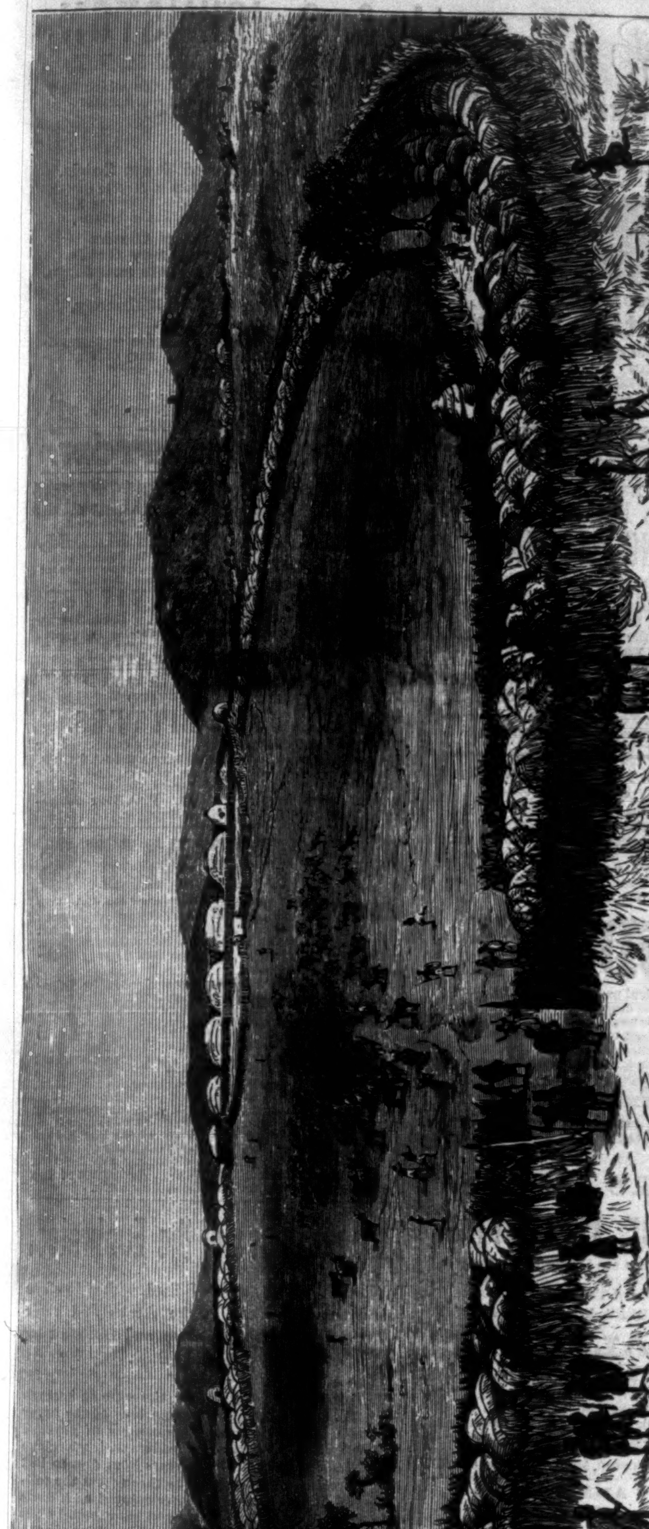
The marks from fire, too, are not at all unusual. Such instances of cannibalism have been found repeatedly in the ancient refuse heaps in Europe and Asia, and quite as positively in the shell heaps of Florida, and occasionally along the more eastern coast of the United States.

Professor MORSE, in an article published in the Tokio *Times* of January 18, states that he finds a similar condition of things prevailed in ancient Japan, as evidenced by the remains of the shell heaps of Oniori, where human bones, treated in the manner referred to, were recently discovered by him.

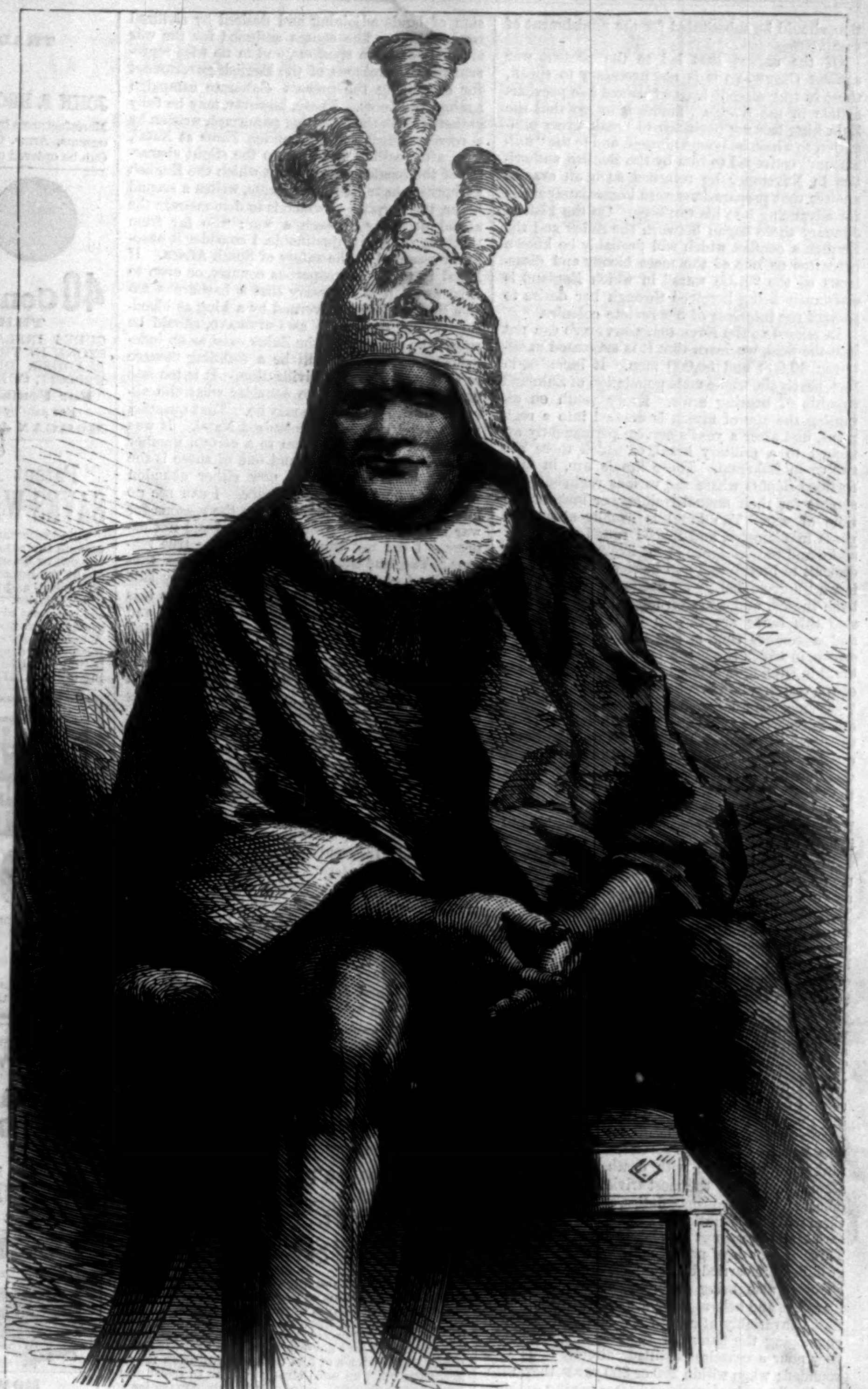


ON THE MOVE.

SITTING BULL. "Weep not, Great Mother; I must leave Canada, and go back to the liars and cheats. I like the excitement and tomfoolery of the double-headed Yankee system best. I crave sensation: life here is too monotonous."



THE WAR IN ZULULAND—THE KING'S KRAAL.



CETYWAYO, KING OF THE ZULUS.

CETYWAYO AND HIS ARMY.

Cetywayo, King of the Zulus, has been described as "a savage of a rather unique sort." Some of his peculiar characteristics may, however, be accounted for by his intercourse and association with the English, to whom he owes his present position as the chief monarch of Zululand. In the matter of toilet, for instance, his tastes lead him to eschew the usual simplicity of savage attire, and adopt a costume sufficiently voluminous to satisfy a fashionable lady in the height of the winter season. Cetywayo's head-dress is the remarkable product of a tailor belonging to an English regiment. It is of red velvet, profusely ornamented with officers' collar badges, and made something like a beef-eater's cap, with two very long ear-flaps that come down to the waist. It is further adorned with three long ostrich feathers, one of which was presented to his Majesty by the wife of an English officer.

The manner in which Cetywayo reached his present exalted place at the head of the Zulu nation resembles that by which Eastern monarchs usually rise to the throne. He simply made away with such of his relatives as were likely to dispute his right to the succession, and then invoked the aid of a foreign power to sustain him in the position he had won. When the Dutch war ended with the death of King Dingaan, his brother Panda, the father of Cetywayo, succeeded to the throne. Being the eldest son and the bravest, Cetywayo naturally looked forward to becoming his father's successor. But for that very reason he was the object of Panda's particular jealousy, and the idea that another brother would be nominated to the succession led to quarrels and threats. Some of his younger brothers, fearing that he might make a clean sweep of his rivals, collected their adherents and made off for Natal, with the intention of invoking British protection; but Cetywayo at once gave chase, and in a sanguinary battle five of his brothers were slain, thus leaving his path to the throne comparatively clear. Panda had, however, still two sons remaining, and these he placed under the protection of the authorities at Natal. The upshot of the civil war was that in a council of Zulu chiefs it was decided that though Panda the Fat was a very good "head" for the Zulu state, it also needed "hands" and "feet," and that while Panda remained king, Cetywayo should be appointed Prime Minister. This was done in 1856, with the formal assent of the Governor of Natal, and Cetywayo was also proclaimed his father's heir-apparent. So far all was well, but Cetywayo could never be quite easy about the presence of his two brothers at Natal. He knew the favor which Panda enjoyed there, and though the Natal government assured him that they only gave the refugees that protection which the English never denied to those who claimed it, he continued for some time to send messengers bearing requests for their surrender.

On the death of Panda, in 1872, Cetywayo sent a humble message to Sir Theophilus (then Mr.) Shepstone, recently appointed Special Commissioner by the English government for the purpose of inquiring into the difficulties existing between the natives and the English colonists, begging that he might be recognized and supported in his position as King of the Zulus. The reasons for Cetywayo's request, and those of the authorities at Natal for granting it, are embodied in the following extract from the "ultimatum" by Sir Henry Bulwer, conveyed to the Zulus at the beginning of the present war: "After the death of Panda the sons of the late king and the head men of the Zulu nation assembled and sent messengers to the Governor of Natal, saying that the nation found itself wandering because of the death of its king. There was no king, they said, and the messengers brought from the nation four oxen, representing the 'head of the king,' to the government of Natal. They further asked that Mr. Shepstone, who had been present at the nomination of Cetywayo, might go and establish what was wanted, and at the same time breathe the spirit by which the nation should be governed. They said, moreover, it was the will of the nation that the new king should be the son of the British government. The government of Natal had no wish to mix itself up with these arrangements of the Zulu people; but eventually it consented, and sent Mr. Shepstone to take part in the installation. It was the wish of Cetywayo that this should be done; it was the wish of the whole Zulu nation. In consenting to this the British government had no selfish object of any kind. It did not seek to obtain a single foot of land for itself, nor any advantage, nor any privilege whatsoever. It wanted nothing for itself, and it demanded nothing for itself. Its only motive in complying with the wish of the Zulu nation, and in taking part in the coronation of the new king, was that in doing so it might help to assure the peace of the Zulu country, and promote in some degree the welfare of the Zulu people. In taking part, therefore, the only conditions it made were in favor of the good government of the people."

At a formal meeting, held previous to the installation, between Mr. Shepstone, Cetywayo, and the head men of the Zulu nation, several matters were discussed, the most important being certain regulations or laws which were to be proclaimed on that great occasion. Finally, the following were agreed upon and read in the presence of the representatives of the different tribes:

1. That the indiscriminate shedding of blood should cease in the land.

2. That no Zulu should be condemned without open trial and the public examination of witnesses for and against, and that he should have a right of appeal to the king.

3. That no Zulu's life should be taken without the previous knowledge and consent of the king, after such trial had taken place, and the right of appeal had been allowed to be exercised.

4. That for minor crimes, the loss of property, all or a por-

tion, should be substituted for the punishment of death.

Of the causes that led to the present war against CETYWAYO it is not necessary to speak, these having already been explained in a previous article in the *Weekly*. Suffice it to say that the Zulu king has not hesitated to break every obligation to which he bound himself, and to the "ultimatum" conveyed to him by the English authorities in November he returned such an evasive answer that preparations were immediately made for advancing into his territory. On the 11th of January there began between the Zulus and the English a conflict which will probably be known hereafter as one of the most bloody and disastrous of the "little wars" in which England is constantly being involved through her desire to protect the interests of her remote colonies.

In regard to the force that CETYWAYO can put into the field, we learn that it is estimated at between 40,000 and 50,000 men. It includes, in fact, nearly the whole male population of Zululand capable of bearing arms. Every youth on attaining the age of fifteen is drafted into a regiment, and after a year's service permanently attached to a military kraal, of which there are twelve in Zululand. These kraals are, in fact, fortified dépôts where the various regiments assemble for their annual training, or mobolize in time of war. The kraal is usually about 500 yards in diameter, and fenced round with a dry stake and wattled fence about five feet in height, difficult to breach and still harder to storm, as it is well surrounded by an *abatis* of prickly-pear, bush thorns, and other formidable obstacles; inside this fence are thrown up the men's huts, and a smaller ring is generally erected in the centre, in which the cattle are kept. The king's kraal is Ulundi, or Undini, almost in the centre of the country. Six regiments, numbering about 7000 men, are quartered here permanently. Another important kraal is situated a few miles to the north of Rourke's Drift. This was the head-quarters of SIRAJO, a brother of CETYWAYO's; it was burned shortly after hostilities opened, and the chief's son killed in the engagement. Most of the other kraals are in the neighborhood of Undini, so that the king is constantly enabled to inspect his troops.

In the Zulu army there are thirty-three regiments, each having its own distinguishing dress and ornaments. The organization of all is alike. They are divided into right and left wings, each commanded by a wing officer, and subdivided again into eight or ten companies, each of which has a captain and three subalterns. Of the thirty-three regiments, eighteen are composed of married men, fifteen of unmarried men. The former shave their heads, which are then bound round with a band made of the skin of some beast, usually leopard or otter; these carry white shields. The unmarried troops let their hair grow naturally, and carry black shields. Drill, in the usual sense of the word, is unknown in the Zulu army, but they perform a few simple movements with ease and celerity. Their discipline, however, is most severe. When on service, falling out of the ranks is punishable with death, which, indeed, seems inflicted for the most trivial offenses. All officers have their proper duties, and the men obey them without hesitation. The system of commissariat and transport is simple in the extreme. Three or four days' provisions, consisting of maize or millet, are carried by a number of boys or women, who also bring up mats, ammunition, and blankets, and help to drive a herd of cattle. The Zulus invariably attack in a crescent formation, enveloping the flanks of their enemy, on whom they pour a ceaseless fusillade directly he is surrounded; when within 200 or 300 yards, they, with loud yells, make a rush, and after having expended their assegais, or spears, in the charge, dash in with their short swords. Various opinions are held as to the bravery of the Zulus, some writers affirming that they are deficient in that quality, and maintaining that their success in war was due to the military skill of their old leader, CHAKA, not to the valor of his troops, others, again, giving high praise to the tribe for their martial qualities.

The Zulu army, until lately, was armed with the usual motley array of weapons which replace those used by them as savages unfamiliar with the devices of white men for killing each other. Naturally the first result of their contact with the colonists was the possession of rifles of various kinds, Birmingham muskets, and such other fire-arms as they could procure either by barter or take in a fight. Recently, however, CETYWAYO, whose power is despotic, insisted on each soldier providing himself with a breech-loading weapon. Thousands of arms in the course of a few months were landed at Delagoa Bay, and then rapidly passed into the hands of the Zulus. The Portuguese authorities at that port were not powerful enough to stop the traffic. By doing so they would undoubtedly have drawn down upon themselves the wrath of CETYWAYO, and their small detachment of fifty men was scarcely sufficient defense for the town. A correspondence on this subject passed between Sir BARTLE FRERE and the Portuguese Governor, which resulted in the latter official pledging himself to stop the trade, and a gun-boat was accordingly dispatched to Delagoa Bay to protect the inhabitants. There is little doubt, however, that the Portuguese authorities were less to blame for the nefarious traffic in arms and spirits carried on in South Africa than unscrupulous English traders. The Zulus have been armed with English weapons in precisely the same manner as were the Maoris in New Zealand, and with the same effect, that possessing unlimited numbers of men, they become most formidable enemies just so soon as they gain a knowledge of the ways and means of civilized warfare.

Unfortunately for CETYWAYO, the crime of which he has been guilty toward the English is that committed by all savages who hold possession of lands adjoining and desired by civilized communities. The causes assigned for the war are most of them specious, and in no wise represent the true reasons of the English government for organizing the present elaborate campaign against the Zulus. These, however, may be fully gathered from the following paragraph written by a correspondent of the London *Times* at Natal, who, after calling attention to the slight character of the misdemeanors upon which the English authorities have laid such stress, writes a second letter, the purpose of which is to demonstrate the actual necessity of such a war: "So far from thinking the war unjustifiable, I consider it absolutely essential to the safety of South Africa. If Natal is to be a prosperous country, or even to exist at all, it is necessary that a barbarous nation like the Zulus, governed by a king as bloodthirsty and capricious as CETYWAYO, should be subdued. So long as the Zulus exist as an independent nation they will be a standing menace to the development of civilization. It is too late now for the colonists to consider what the abstract justice of the case may be. That question was settled when they colonized Natal. It was an act which pledged them to a certain number of natural consequences, and one of these is the present war. They must now either abandon what they have done or advance. I can see no middle course. My objections to the reasons for war lay upon other grounds which I did not express. I did not think they were the true reasons. The true cause of the war is, I think, that a civilized country can not live peacefully side by side with an uncivilized one. As long as it is prosperous it is perpetually extending itself, and absorbing all that is around it. It is a tide which no nation of savages can check, though they struggle hard for their independence. I regard these wars as the sign of the growing prosperity of a colonial state, and as the inevitable consequences of colonization in savage countries. The published reasons for the war, I can not help thinking, were more of a character to satisfy the public mind at home than truly to explain its cause."

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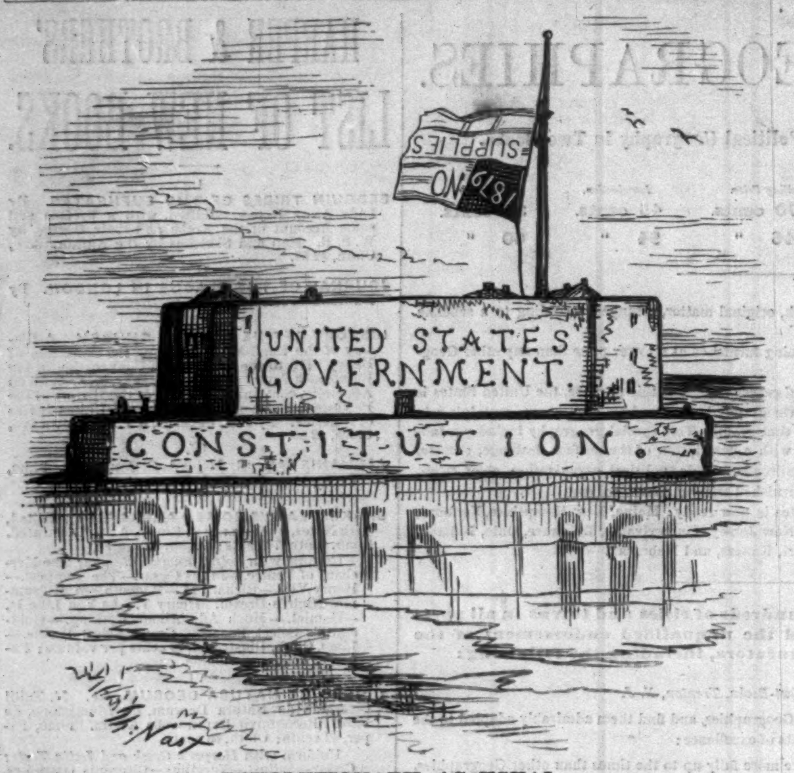

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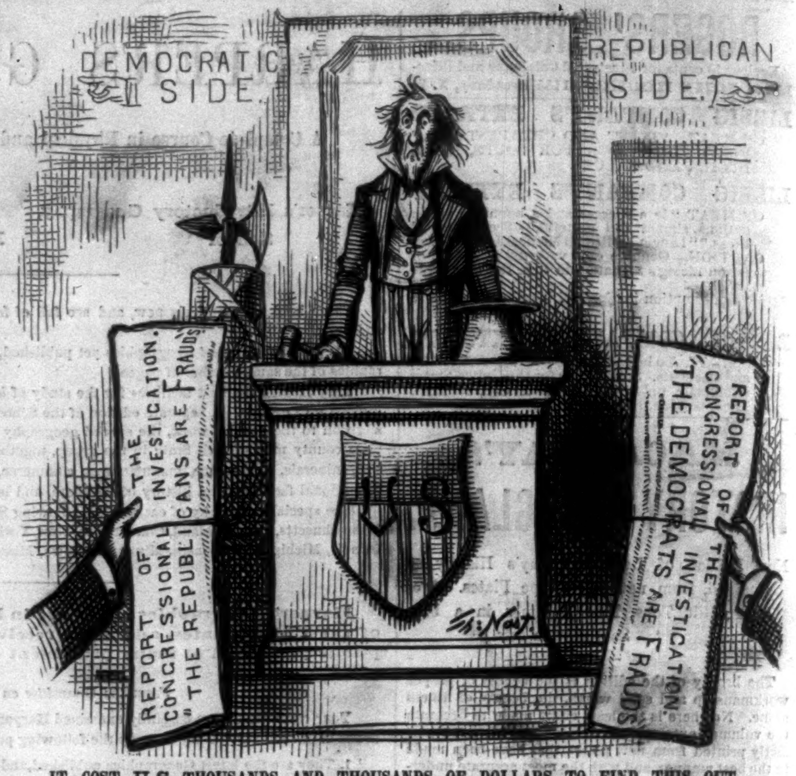
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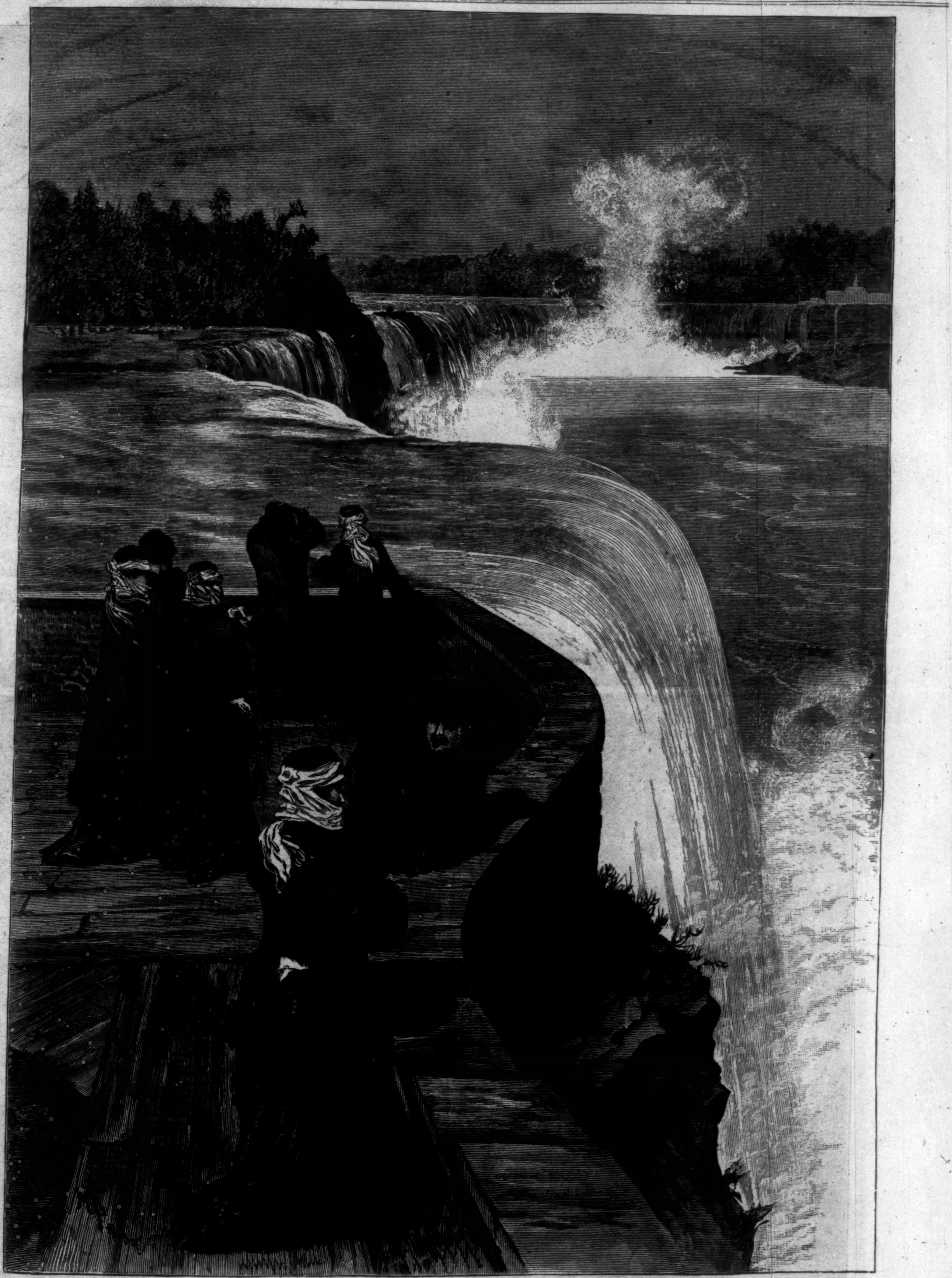
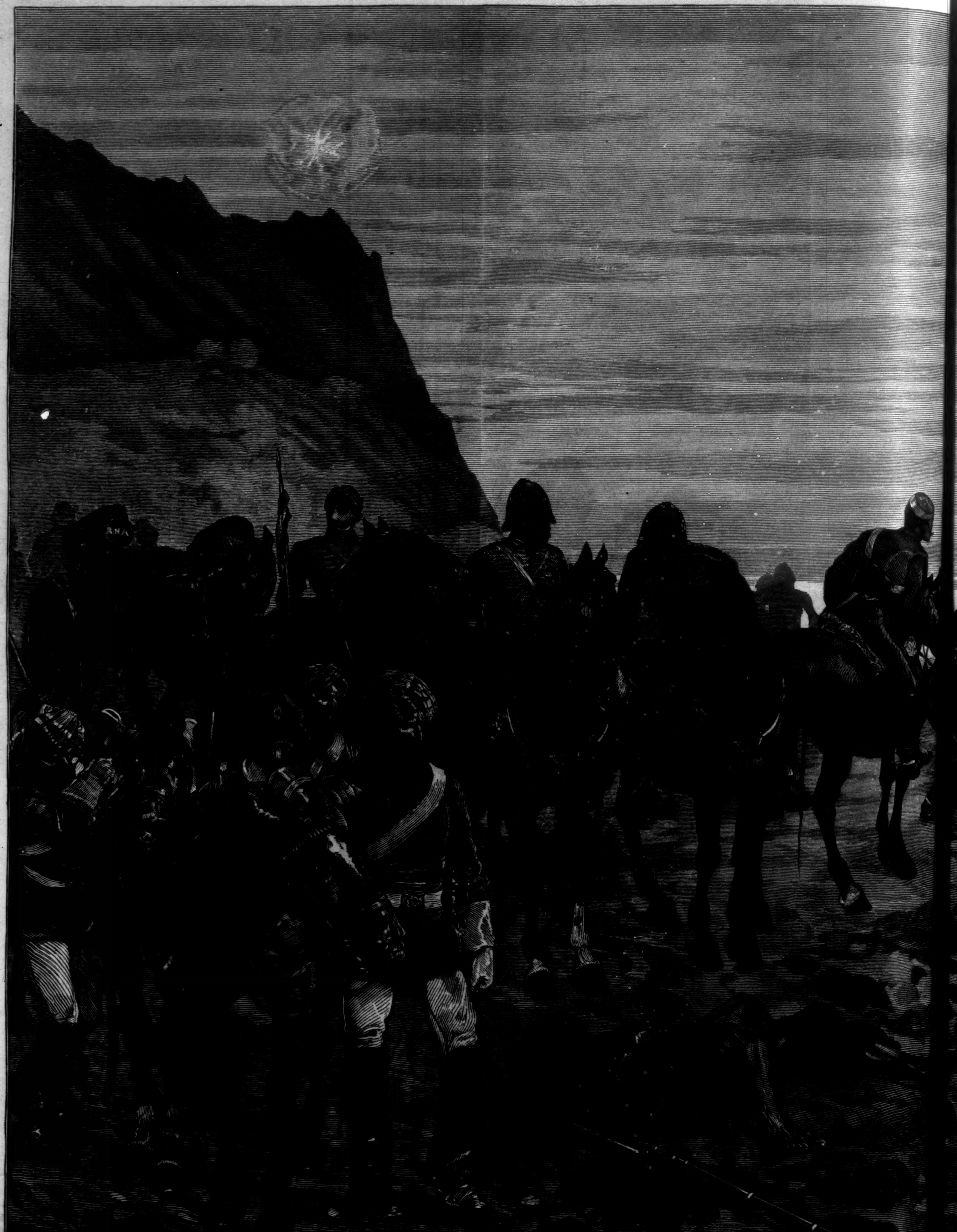


THE CANADIAN VICE-REGAL VISIT TO THE GREAT FALLS.

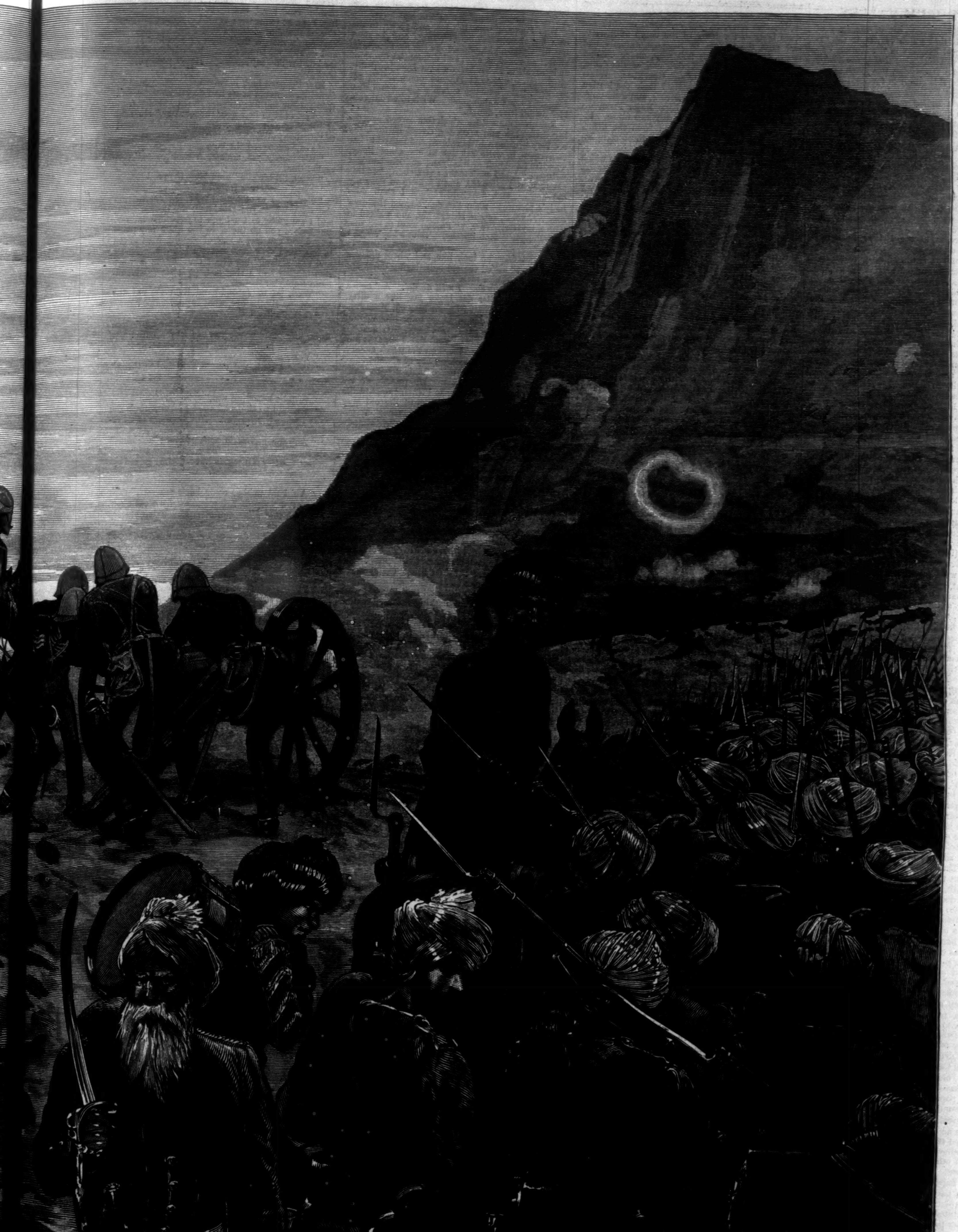
THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT NIAGARA.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne and Vice-Queen of Canada, has continued to enjoy the novel and interesting sights afforded her since her arrival in that noble country over which she and her husband have been appointed to preside. A few weeks since the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess, accompanied by Lady Sophia Macnamara, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Moreton, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Mr. Littleton, Captain the Hon. Mr. Harbord, and Captain Chater, left Ottawa, the Governor-General's residence, to visit the Falls of Niagara, which in winter present an unusually striking spectacle. The party travelled by the ordinary night train as far as Toronto, and thence by a special train to the Falls. They were joined by Sir Edward and Lady Thornton and party, of the British legation at Washington. The ice bridge at Niagara Falls, stretching across the river from the northern edge of the American Fall, was a grand and unusual sight, nor was the sublime unattended with the ridiculous. It appears that some enterprising person had erected on the ice bridge two booths for the illicit sale of intoxicating liquors, the one over Canadian and the other over United States water. Being only a short distance apart, when Canadian officers of excise attempted to come down upon the proprietor of the groggery, he transferred his stock to the United States establishment, and *vice versa* when threatened by Uncle Sam. It is to be hoped that the international arrangement for the joint superintendence of Niagara Falls proposed by Lord Dufferin will put a stop to these and other unworthy practices which interfere so greatly with the pleasure of tourists.

It is said that the Princess in her communications to England has declared a great liking for her Canadian home. The Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Duchess, and a Russian fleet commanded by a Russian prince, will arrive during the early summer at Halifax, where his Excellency and her Royal Highness Princess Louise intend to spend that season. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Argyll are also under promise to visit Canada soon.



THE AFGHAN WAR—AN ATTACK D E KU



E KURUM VALLEY.—[See next Page.]